

THE CONVENT WITCH.*

JOHANNES WILHELM MEINHOLD, the author of the *Amber Witch*, of several plays, of an epic, and of a volume or two of religious poems, was born on the 27th Feb. 1797, at the village of Retzelkow, in the Island of Usedom, on the coast of Pomerania. His father, a poor curate, was a good scholar, but eccentric in his habits. At an early age the young Meinhold, who had never lived with, or even seen, any young people of his own age, was sent to the provincial university of Greifswald, with a yearly allowance of one hundred thalers, or fifteen pounds sterling, upon which income, however, he managed to become one of the students most notorious for rioting or *renommisterei*. His dinner was provided for him by the university; and a kind-hearted inn-keeper gave him the run of his hostel for suppers, upon the promise of future payment, — a promise which Dr. Meinhold faithfully kept.

He seems to have passed his examination in his twentieth year (*proministerio*) with success, and to have very soon published some poems, which gained him the approbation of Goethe. He was first appointed to a small living at Coserow, a name familiar to the readers of the *Amber Witch*, and then to that of Crummin, formerly a Cistercian convent. Here he passed sixteen years, apparently the most unhappy time of his life. In the year 1838-9 he composed the *Amber Witch*, which, besides its intrinsic merit as a work of art, was written for the purpose of taking in the modern school of criticism in Germany, especially those who applied their skill to Biblical lore.

Dr. Meinhold detests the system adopted by modern German philologists, of deciding at once by mere verbal criticism upon the genuineness or unauthenticity of this or that book in the Bible. Ancient and modern history had taught him to distrust the dicta of the greatest critics. Muretus palmed upon Scaliger some of his own verses for those of the ancient comic poet Trabea. Erasmus also, one of the learned men of this day, had fallen into like blunders. Casaubon, Scaliger, and Meursius, the best critics of the age of the Reformation, held the verses of Apollonius Cellatius to be genuine. Dr. Meinhold, therefore, determined to try if he could not mystify the

learned world as well as Muretus; and gave out the *Amber Witch* as a genuine old trial for witchcraft. He fully succeeded in his object; and in many German universities the *Amber Witch* was indexed as a criminal law book. Among others, the present King of Prussia was taken in, and wrote to Dr. Meinhold to discover the truth of the story. This produced a letter from Meinhold, in which he confessed to the imposition he had practised upon the learned world. Frederic William, struck by the talent displayed by the author, offered to provide for him at Berlin; but Meinhold preferred a country life, as more suited to his simple tastes, and he now resides at Rehewinkel, near Stargard, in Pomerania.

Of all the trials and executions for witchcraft in Germany, few have been so famous as that of Sidonia von Boreke, who was charged with having employed her magic art in the extermination of the whole ducal race of Pomerania. Such was the feeling against Sidonia, and the horror excited by her execution at the time, that contemporary historians, like Mieraelius and Rentich, do not mention her name at full length, but content themselves with giving her initials only. This was done out of regard to the illustrious family of Boreke, as well as to the duke Ernest Ludwig of Wolgast, between whom and Sidonia the most intimate connection had once existed. The Pomeranian nobles, disgusted at the prospect of an unequal match between Sidonia and Ernest Ludwig, forced the duke to marry Hedwig of Brunswick. Sidonia, in despair, then entered the convent of Marienfließ. In the eightieth year of her age, she was seized by order of Francisus, bishop of Camyn, the reigning duke of Pomerania, a bitter enemy and persecutor of witches; and in spite of the earnest remonstrances of the neighboring courts of Brandenburg and Saxony, and indeed of the whole Pomeranian nobility, Sidonia was executed on the Ravenstone at Stettin, on the 19th August, 1620.

The papers containing the details of this trial — for Sidonia confessed on the rack all the crimes and misdemeanors laid to her charge — disappeared for a century, and were only lately discovered in the Berlin Library; as two or three copies of the depositions were known to have existed, it is uncertain whether the one discovered by Berthold is the original or not. However, Dr. Meinhold has left us in the dark whether he has used any of these

* Sidonia von Boreke, die Klosterhexe. Angebliche Ertülglerin des gesammten herzoglichen Pommerschen Regentenhaus: herausgegeben von Wilhelm Meinhold. (Sidonia von Boreke, the Convent Witch.)

three depositions, or whether he has drawn entirely upon his own imagination.

In the present tale the author has displayed the same remarkable power of minute detail, and has retained the same vivid appearance of truth, as in the *Amber Witch*; moreover, as far as a foreigner can pretend to judge, Dr. Meinhold has most admirably preserved the old language of the time. He carries us to the small court of Wolgast, in Pomerania: we live with the noisy, mischievous junkers, or young nobles—the old master of the ceremonies, Ulricus von Schwerin, appears almost in the flesh—we think we can swear to Dr. Gerschovius and his catechism: last, but not least, we are introduced to the old Dowager-Duchess Maria herself, with her ever-recurring and tiresome story of Dr. Martinus Luther and her wedding ring. Maria, the daughter of the Elector of Saxony, was married at Torgau on the 27th February, 1536, to Philip I. of Pomerania, by Martin Luther himself; and we shall have occasion in the course of the story, on introducing Sidonia to the court at Wolgast, to give a specimen of the widow duchess' power in the art of boring.

The tale is supposed to be a report drawn up for the information of Bogislaff XIV., by Dr. Theodorus Plönnies. This functionary had been sent with a roving commission, embracing all Pomerania, to seek out and examine those who could give him "certain information touching the notorious and accursed witch Sidonia von Boreke, and to bring the same into a *connexion*."

Accordingly, Dr. Theodorus Plönnies starts on his commission on "the Thursday after the *visitatio Mariæ*, 1629;" and wherever he goes he finds old and young, noble and peasant—all Pomerania, in short—mourning over the impending extinction of the old princely race. But twenty years previous, the family consisted of six stalwart sons: now only one was left of a race, which did not hold its territory like other German potentates in fief from the emperor, but whose history as reigning sovereigns went back hundreds of years, until it was lost in the remote and fabulous times of heathen mythology.

Dr. Theodorus Plönnies rides first to Stargard, a town near the birthplace of our heroine, where he hopes to hear something of Sidonia, although ninety years have now elapsed since her birth. There he learns from old Zabel Wiese, mine host ("who dwells in the Pelzerstrasse") that the only man then living who can give him any information to be relied upon about her is Claus Uckerman, an old man ninety-two years of age. In early life, this man, like the rest of them, had run after Sido-

nia. Claus's memory fails him in all that had happened in the last sixty or seventy years of his life; but "what had occurred in his youth comes as glibly to his tongue as his *Pater Noster*!"

Dr. Theodorus Plönnies accordingly goes to Dalow, a village near Stargard, and finds old Claus sitting musing in the chimney-corner, with hair "as white as driven snow." Dr. Theodorus Plönnies for some time listens patiently to the garrulous old man, and then cunningly turns the conversation upon the subject of his mission, namely, upon Sidonia; and Claus, for two consecutive hours, pours out a torrent of words without order or connection, about her and her father. This Dr. Theodorus Plönnies reduces into a connected narrative. By this account the junker Otto von Boreke appears to have been a lawless, pestilent fellow, and a Socinian to boot. On one occasion, about Martinmas, 1560, Otto von Boreke declared before a large company in the middle of a drunken carouse, that

Christ was a man like other folk, and it was the sheer stupidity of men, *item*, the greedy covetousness of the parsons, that made him into a God. For this cause they were not to put their trust in what the canting hypocrites of parsons prosed to them of a Sunday, but make use of their own understandings and of their five senses. If he had his will, he would, that very day, send all parsons to the devil.

A junker at table, one Claus Zastrow, puts in a good word for the twelve apostles who left all to follow their Lord, whereupon Otto von Boreke said, "if they were not covetous, then were they stupid devils." Hereupon a murmur arose in the hall, and the aforementioned Claus Zastrow answered, unabashed, "that he wondered, then, how the twelve stupid apostles had done more than twelve times twelve wise men of Greece or Rome." The quarrel waxes stronger, until Boreke, apparently getting the worst of the argument, loses his temper, plucks his poock (a small dagger worn by the nobles,) out of its sheath, and, before his opponent could draw his and defend himself, throws him down on a bench and stabs him. Every one is horror struck except Otto von Boreke, who laughs aloud, boasting that he will teach his inferiors to contend with him, stamps on the dying man's feet as they kick convulsively in the throes of death, and, finally, spits in his face. No one dares to interfere; Otto purchases immunity from the fiscal by presenting him with a massive gold chain; moreover, his great wealth, ancient lineage, and his reputation for utter recklessness, are a further protection to him. This proud noble's chief pleasure was to encourage his lovely

daughter, Sidonia, in her pride as a *Burg-und-schloss-gessene Jungfer*, or noble baronial maiden. He gloried in asking the child—

What did her father do to his enemies? Whereupon the maiden stiffened her finger, passed it over her father's loins, and said, "Thus doeth he!" This did delight her father, who thereupon laughed aloud, and inquired, "what did the squire then do?" Whereupon the child threw herself upon her back, pulled her face, rolled her eyes wildly, bubbled the saliva out of her mouth, and moved her feet and arms convulsively. Hereupon her father laughed, lifted her off the ground, and kissed her lips.

Such was the education of this young girl, a fitting preparation for her after-career. We had almost forgotten to add that Sidonia's father had frequently asked her whom she would marry; and her answer had invariably been,—

None but a man of equal birth. *Ille*: Who, then, was equal to her in birth in all Pomerania? *Illa*: None save the dukes of Pomerania and the counts of Ebersburg, *Ille*: Right! therefore must you on no account take any other but these.

The old man, Claus Uekerman, warms with his story, his eyes glisten as he describes the exceeding beauty of the maiden; she appears to him as she was some seventy-five years back, when it was an acknowledged fact that "in all Pomerania there was no more beautiful creature in stature, presence, eyes, figure, or in bewitching smiles, than she." He tells how there was a famous bear-hunt to procure a bear's head and brawn wherewith to grace the marriage-feast of Sidonia's eldest sister, to which Claus is invited. At this bear-hunt Claus saves Sidonia's life. For this he thinks himself amply repaid by sundry stolen kisses, but is rendered furiously jealous by seeing that other junkers, especially a young cousin of Sidonia's, are equally well treated. At the ball given after the hunt, Sidonia flirts, ogles, and kisses everybody, and ends by driving Claus out of the house in a fit of jealous despair. However, the poor moth cannot keep away, and goes next day again to Otto von Boreke's castle to witness the wedding of Clara von Boreke with the Vidante von Meseritz. Duke Barnim the elder, of Pomerania, is expected to grace the marriage with his presence. Barnim is notorious for evil living, and was reported to have "a cage full of women in his house behind St. Mary's Church."

Next morn (says old Claus to Dr. Plönnies) the castle was filled with noise and unquiet even before break of day, and by stroke of ten all the *nobiles*, with their spouses and young damsels, were assembled together in the great hall; *item*,

the bride in her garland; *item*, Sidonia too, stepped in, who, for the pearls and diadems wherewith she was bedecked, could scarce be known. About her neck she wore a collar of ermine, with a gown of scarlet silk, inasmuch that methought I should die for sheer silly love, more especially seeing that as she came into the hall she greeted me, smiling sweetly. Meanwhile Otto von Boreke, the lord of the castle, was sore displeased that the prince's highness tarried so long, inasmuch as he already had sat one whole hour awaiting him upon his chair, the which he had adorned after the fashion of a throne, namely, in this wise. At the further end of the hall there was a raised dais, spread with bearskins, upon the which his chair was placed, and over it a canopy of yellow velvet (inasmuch as yellow was the color of his livery). Here, then, he sat in his red doublet, and wearing a hat the which was partly black and partly red, with long black and red laces which hung down to his great beard. He looked as solemn as any judge, and every minute he sent a serving-man up upon the keep in order to spy whether the prince's highness did not yet draw near; and having grown more and more weary of waiting, he said to his guests, "Mark my words! ye will see that Master Turner has been cutting and carving to his heart's content upon the road. The Lord have mercy upon such a mechanical duke!" — For in truth the prince's highness did naught but carve during his hours of leisure, more especially while travelling in his coach. Wherefore he rejoiced exceedingly when he came upon deep sand, so that the coachman was forced to drive slowly, and reviled him when they came upon even ground so that he could trot. When at last the news was brought that some six coaches were seen coming out of the wood, the knight cried out from the chair whereon he sat, "I sit here as lord of mine own domain. Clara and Sidonia shall advance to meet the prince's highness in my name; and so soon as the prince's highness shall enter the room, my next heir and kinsman shall ride into the hall and towards me on horseback in full armor, holding his pennon in his hand. *Item*, all my vassals on horseback, and carrying their pennons, shall follow after him, and place themselves in a row against the windows. Do ye throw open the topmost windows that the wind may play in the pennons, and the show may look well."

Barnim now arrives, and has eyes only for Otto von Boreke's two daughters. "He was a small man with a gray beard, and he thrust his head out of the coach when he entered the castle yard. Under his arm he carried a doll as long as a man's arm, representing Adam, at which he had been vigorously working with his knife, and which he was carving in wood for the Conventual Church of Kolbatz." He was accompanied by his *superintendens generalis*, M. Fabianus Timaeus, who sat with him in the coach (the truth was, his princely high-

ness, Barnim the elder, was on his way to the provincial diet at Treptow, a fact which Otto von Boreke's pride had carefully concealed from his inferior guests). Sidonia accidentally hears from one of her admirers that there had lately been great rejoicings at Wolgast, where the dowager-duchess kept her court. These had been caused by the arrival of her dear son Ernestus Ludovicus, after a prolonged absence. The young prince is described as a fine, handsome youth, with a brilliant red-and-white complexion, and playing so well on the lute that he is compared by the court ladies to the heathen god Apollo. Sidonia is rendered pensive for a moment, and Barnim the elder takes the favorable opportunity of attempting to get a kind word and a kiss from her; from which attempt the *superintendens generalis*, recalls his highness by means of sundry punches with his elbow in the ribs. On taking his leave, however, Barnim the elder invites Sidonia to visit him at his court at old Stettin, an honor which Otto von Boreke, who knows what this implies, refuses with sundry suggestive leers; but Sidonia, whose head was full of ambitious projects and designs upon Duke Ernestus Ludovicus, now comes forward and begs her father to let her go to old Stettin, or, at any rate, to Wolgast, "seeing that, after the wedding, she would never again see any one at the castle but grooms and keepers." Barnim promises to use his influence with his princely cousin, the widowed Duchess of Pomerania, to receive Sidonia as one of her maids of honor at Wolgast. He forthwith goes to the provincial diet of Treptow, where he meets the chamberlain, Ulrich von Schwerin, prefers his request, and is refused. Nothing daunted, however, at a second refusal from the duchess herself, he takes Sidonia with him in a fast-sailing boat from Stettin, and lands at the water-gate of the palace at Wolgast: they enter the castle and go up stairs.

But while yet without the door they could hear how my gracious lady with all her women was spinning, and how she sang the while at the very top of her voice a psalm set to one of Lobwasser's tunes, the which psalm tune her ladyship's spinning-wheel — which Duke Barnim had himself turned for her — did also play upon a little set of bells, so that it sounded right merrily. After some waiting my gracious lord knocked at the door, the which one of her highness's maids that set close beside the door did hear, and cried, "Come in."

Hereupon they did both enter, the which so affrighted her princely highness that she let fall her spindle, and cried aloud, "Dear cousin, is this, then, Sidonia?" examining her the while from head to foot. And when my lord did excuse himself in that he had promised the girl's father, her princely highness did break into my

lord's discourse, and say, "Dear cousin, Dr. Martinus did aver at my marriage that he never suffered himself to be interrupted in his prayers, seeing that it did always portend mischief. You have hindered us in our prayers: sit ye, therefore, down with the damsel, and join in the Psalm 136, if so be ye know it." Her princely highness, after adjusting the threads and striking the little set of bells, did join in the chorus with a clear voice; *item*, the damsels did the like. But Sidonia did sit still the while, and looked on the ground.

When the psalm was ended, her princely highness crossed herself on the head and breast, and did address herself to Sidonia. "Since you are here you may stay at court, but have a care not to turn your eyes upon the young men. For such is an abomination in mine eyes, and 'as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.'"

Hereupon Sidonia did blush; but my lord, who doth delight in such swine (so goeth the common report,) was angered, and besought her highness not to be alway so sour in spirit, nor so melancholy on the account of her beloved husband. Whereupon she did reply, "Dear cousin, as long as I live I can never forget my Philip, more especially as my fate was foreshadowed unto me at my betrothal."

My lord did then pretend as though he knew not that which had then occurred, albeit he had heard it a hundred times, as indeed had every one else. He answered and said,—

"What mean ye, my dear cousin?"

"Ha!" said she; "hear then the wondrous tale. When Dr. Martinus was about to exchange our rings, my ring did strangely fall; whereupon he did stoop, blow on it, and did mutter to himself, 'Dost hear me, Satan? it doth not concern thee.' Alack, it did concern the archfiend, seeing that I — wretched widow that I am — did bury my beloved husband in his forty-fifth year!"

Hereupon her princely highness did sob grievously, and did wipe away her tears with her kerchief.

Barnim comforts her by talking of the happiness she has in her five sons, and the widowed duchess, somewhat cheered by this, alludes especially to the handsomest of them all — to Ernestus Ludovicus. Sidonia shows symptoms of uneasiness, rocks about on her chair, while her eyes suddenly glare like two torches.

Barnim now twits the widow with remaining unmarried; the young maids of honor giggle, and Sidonia bursts into a loud fit of laughter. This conversation is interrupted by the court band striking up Bogislaff the Tenth's heroic march, which had been played when that prince was proceeding along the *via dolorosa* in Jerusalem. This tune was always played half-an-hour before dinner. Sidonia beats time with her feet, and nods with her head. The chamberlain, Ulrich von Schwerin, announces dinner. There is some difficulty about Sidonia, but

Barnim insists upon her sitting by him at her highness' table. He puts the figure of Eve (at which he had been carving the while) under his arm, — the said Eve bearing, alas! a striking resemblance to Sidonia. Ernestus Ludovicus now enters, and sits on the other side of Sidonia, who blushes scarlet. She is called upon to say grace, but colors, hesitates, and ends by sitting perfectly silent, while the young prince says grace for her. This is attributed to shyness. People maliciously remark, however, that her shyness wears off during dinner, and she finds plenty to say to her handsome neighbor Ernestus. After dinner Barnim proposes a kiss all round; he jokes every one, and then retires, holding Sidonia under one arm and Eve under the other.

The following day happened to be Sunday, and the dowager-duchess having caught a cold, sends all the maids of honor except Sidonia to church: this was done partly to observe the damsel more narrowly, partly to make use of her in finding the lessons. "But, alas! great God! when her princely highness said, 'Look out the prophet Isaiah,' Sidonia turned over the leaves in the New Testament! *Item*, 'Look out the Gospel according to St. John,' she did the same in the Old Testament." The old duchess is scandalized at this second proof of Sidonia's ignorance in matters of religion: "Yesterday you did not know a prayer which the least among the little ones can say, and to-day you cannot tell between the Old and the New Testament." But the cunning baggage wept, threw all the blame upon her father, who would not allow her to learn any Christian doctrine, and hints that the real reason why she sought refuge in the palace of Wolgast was to learn piety and good works. Dr. Dionysius Gerschovius, a strict divine, is now sent for to examine Sidonia in her Catechism; but she begs for fourteen days' grace to enable her to prepare for her examination. A young maid of honor, Clara von Dewitz, is also appointed to sit by Sidonia, and see that she does her taskwork. Clara was one year older than Sidonia, "cool, collected, and cold by temperament, a pious Christian, and who always wore a stiff, high ruff, out of which her head could scarce force its way, and a very long gown." Instead of learning her task, Sidonia worms out of her companion all about the young men at court, more especially whether Ernestus Ludovicus is married; whether she herself (meaning Clara) had a lover; whether the old chatterbox (by which irreverent phrase she indicated the dowager-duchess) always behaved as she had done since she was at court; whether there never were any games or dances?

During this conversation the *Catechismus Gerschovii* was contemptuously flung under the bed and trampled under foot.

Meanwhile Sidonia makes herself a general favorite with all the old and young idlers about the court; she flatters some, has a good word for every one, and inspires a deep passion in the heart of the young duke Ernestus Ludovicus. All the junkers, except her cousin Marcus Boreke, the betrothed of Clara Dewitz, are more or less in love with the new comer. Sidonia plays her part well, and while she looks kindly on all others she is reserved, haughty, and cold to Ernestus Ludovicus. Her prime favorite is a young man of the name of Appellmann, of whom we shall hear more anon, who bore a bad reputation in Wolgast on account of sundry low amours.

The first serious mischief which Sidonia causes in the court of Wolgast originated in the jealousy she excited among sundry of her admirers. Daggers are drawn, and Appellmann, the favored lover, oppressed by numbers, jumps over a bridge into a boat, in order to escape two of his most eager pursuers, who in following him miss their footing, and are drowned. This mischief is clearly traced to Sidonia, who falls into disgrace, but Ernestus Ludovicus intercedes for her, and in a short time hears from her lips a confession of her love for him. Various are the arts and wiles which Sidonia now practises. She blushes scarlet and sighs whenever she meets the young prince, which conduct makes his blood to pour through his veins like molten lead, and he seeks every opportunity of gaining admittance into her room.

The quiet of the court is now interrupted by the arrival of the duchess' son Bogislaff, from Camyn, who comes sailing up the river, embraces his mother, wishes her joy on her birthday, which he had come on purpose to celebrate, and entreats her to give a ball. This she at first refuses, as she had never put off her widow's weeds for her *Philippus primus*. She at last yields a reluctant consent, and a ball is accordingly to be given.

At this piece of information Ulricus von Schwerin shakes his head, and is convinced, that when the young men get a little wine into their heads the *scandalum* with Sidonia will be greater than ever. Her highness, however, to put a stop to this objection, determines to lock her up in her room during the whole day, as a just punishment for her light conduct.

We have not space to describe the various amusements that took place at Wolgast to celebrate Bogislaff's arrival; — the deep drinking, the eighty drummers and forty trumpeters that played the heroic march of Bogislaff the Great, the fountains running with beer, the bill of

fare for the feast, which would make an alderman's mouth water:—for all these we must refer our readers to the book itself. But to return to poor Sidonia, mewed in her solitary room, and unable, in the uproar of the drunken revelry, to make herself heard.

The eighty drummers and forty trumpeters are playing Bogislaff's march with such vigor that the plaster drops from the ceiling and the pictures shake on the walls; the people, mad with delight, are dancing, not alone in the castle, but in the market-place, when Ernestus Ludovicus, who was already more than half drunk, remembers Sidonia, and determines to release her. He takes with him three junkers, bursts open the door, and carries Sidonia in triumph to the ball-room.

They entered the large hall while old Ulricus was dancing with her princely highness. He was instantly aware of what had happened, albeit he showed it not; but placing her princely highness' hand in that of some of the young nobles, Ulricus said he must go awhile, seeing that the noise made his head swim. He ran along the passage to the castle-yard, thence to the guard-house, and bade the officers send the executioner with six stout assistants, who, together with the soldatesca, were to rush into the ball-room with torches in their hands when he should thrust his hat out of the window.

The duchess also now becomes aware of the presence of Sidonia, whom old Ulricus recommends to be immediately sent back to her room. Sidonia begs forgiveness, and Ulricus gives her a box on the ear, which fells her to the ground. It is impossible for any firebrand thrust into a powder-magazine to cause a greater noise than this box on the ear. After a short pause, during which every one stood open-mouthed with astonishment, the young nobles all called out, "Vengeance!" and "To arms!" They who had daggers drew them; they who had none ran to fetch them. The young prince Ernestus Ludovicus is held fast from behind by his brother Bogislaff, and is thus prevented from running the aged Ulricus through the body. Ulricus' chief object now was to gain the window. In this he succeeds, and holds his hat out until those who were below saw the signal. In the confusion, Ulricus seizes Sidonia by the hand, and, with the assistance of her princely highness, almost succeeds in forcing the culprit out of the room, when Joachim Budde strikes her highness on the arm. Ulricus cries out, "Treason! treason!" and rushes upon Budde. The old chamberlain, in the *mêlée*, is borne to the ground, and would have infallibly been killed, had not the soldatesca and Master Hans, the executioner, with his red mantle, rushed to his assistance.

Her princely highness exclaimed, "Help! help! the chamberlain!" Whereupon the young nobles left him, and the old man was able to get on his legs again.

But not so Joachim Budde, who meanwhile sat him on a bench, and in his drunkenness made sport with the old man. Ulricus did inquire of him whether he knew that he had struck her highness with the drumstick? With a thick speech he answered, "Yea, and she should have more blows, seeing that she treated the darling little tit-bit like a cinder-wench. Where was the old baggage? he would soon teach her something with the drumstick."

Joachim Budde was about to rise from the bench, when Ulricus winked to the executioner. Master Hans let drop his red mantle, which had hitherto concealed his sword; the weapon glimmers for a moment like lightning in the air; the next minute the junker's head rolled on the floor. The women faint, and so great is the silence, that the convulsive movement of the dead man's hands and feet are distinctly heard. Such is the bloody termination of the festivity, and by this act of power Ulricus von Schwerin asserted his falling authority.

Ernestus Ludovicus is conveyed a prisoner to his own room, while Sidonia is sent that same night, in disgrace, to Barnim the elder at Stettin. In revenge, the junkers maim poor old Ulricus' horse, break his windows, and knock him down; his reverence, Dr. Gerscho-vius, is treated in the same manner; and a goat is turned into the glebe with a copy of the detested catechism hung round its neck, the leaf turned down at the sixth commandment! The junkers are all dismissed in disgrace; Ernestus Ludovicus is furious with Ulricus von Schwerin, and with his mother the dowager-duchess, who call Sidonia all sorts of vile names.

"Alas!" exclaimed her highness, "she was born to misfortune! Wherefore had not Doctor Martinus Luther clutched his fingers? why did he let her ring fall? That was the cause of all her misfortunes! If Sidonia were but a good, honest, and chaste maiden, she would not mind. But the hussy ran after all the men, and would keep her marriage vows much as a dog keeps a fast-day, and would fill the princely cradle with bastards!"

Ernestus ends by falling on the floor, and is carried out in strong convulsions. The court physician, Dr. Pomius, is called in: he was a long, dry, bony man, "boastful, puffed up, full of pride and blasphemy, stubborn, and unforgiving," and consequently detested in the town of Wolgast. The doctor feels the prince's pulse, lays his forefinger to his nose, and prescribes ass's dung seethed in wine, which, mixed with *laudanum Paracelsi*, he asserts will be an infallible cure. All, however, is in

vain : Ernestus is pronounced to be bewitched, raves after Sidonia, repudiates the idea of Hedwig of Brunswick, who is proposed to him as his bride ; and to save her son's life, the poor duchess is at last forced to send a messenger to fetch Sidonia back from Stettin.

Shortly after Sidonia's triumphant return to Wolgast a most strange circumstance occurs—a ghost in full armor walks in the corridor every night, and disappears mysteriously close by Sidonia's room. Of course the apparition frightens away all the servants, and no soldier will mount guard in the passage. Meanwhile, Ernestus Ludovicus has completely recovered, and a great bear-hunt is to take place in honor of this event. During the sport, the young prince manages to escape from his lynx-eyed mother, and proposes to Sidonia a clandestine marriage. The prince rides over to Crummin, arranges the matter with a willing priest, and a day is fixed for the secret wedding. The priest had entrusted the secret to the unsafe keeping of his wife, who repeats the tale to an old Catholic nun ; who immediately walks over to Wolgast, and denounces Ludovicus' intention to the dowager-duchess : every precaution is taken to interfere with the scheme. The lovers had already settled a night on which they were to escape by a trap-door in the corridor, when Clara Dewitz accidentally discovers who and what the apparition was, and his object in thus walking at that witching hour of night.

The damsel's shoestring was untied, and she nigh fell as she was entering her room ; she therefore placed her foot on a barrel which stood in a corner near Sidonia's door. At this moment half the body of the apparition came up through a hole, and looked cautiously round. On seeing Clara, it crept down again, and she heard it fall heavily to the ground. At first the damsel was much affrighted ; but on reaching her bedchamber, the thought struck her that the armed man could never be a ghost, seeing that it fell heavily to the ground. She prayed God to help her in her need, and as she could not sleep, she arose from her bed to examine whether there was a hole near Sidonia's chamber. She findeth the hole, and on looking down sees that it leads to the stables where her highness' carriages stood.

Clara naturally imagines that Ernestus Ludovicus must be the ghost ; but while she still is wrapt in thought, the young prince himself comes into the passage, and knocks at Sidonia's room : she comes to the door, and a slight whispering is heard. Sidonia refuses to admit Ludovicus, who, after a time, returns to his own room. Clara, convinced that Ernestus Ludovicus cannot be the apparition, but that he likewise is deceived, determines to sift the matter to the bottom, and watches another night

till twelve, when the ghost makes its appearance through the trap-door, walks along the corridor, and knocks thrice at Sidonia's door. The door is opened, the ghost admitted, whispering is heard, and the door is again carefully bolted from within. Hereupon Clara flies for advice to her lover, Marcus Boreke. Ulricus von Schwerin, the chamberlain, is consulted ; and it is agreed to watch the ghost into Sidonia's room next night, and catch the guilty ones, *flagrante delicto*. Eight strong fellows are told to be in readiness to force open Sidonia's door on the command of Ulricus von Schwerin. This accordingly is done, and the ghost is discovered to be none other than Johannes Appellmann. Meanwhile, the noise and confusion attract Ernestus Ludovicus into Sidonia's room, and he falls to the ground as if stabbed to the heart on witnessing Sidonia's dishonor. On being brought to his senses, he exclaims,—

“ Is it possible, O my Sidonia ? — is it possible, O my Sidonia ? ”

The old chamberlain, Ulricus von Schwerin, now takes Sidonia by the hand, and scoffingly leads her up and down the room, saying,—

“ Behold the illustrious and high-born lady Sidonia, Duchess of Pomerania,—of the Wends and of the Cassuben,—Princess of Rügen,—Countess of Gutzkow,—our high and mighty mistress ! See how she intends to increase the dual family with a brood of base-born brats ! ”

Sidonia in vain attempts her own defence by throwing all the blame upon her lover.

Appellmann, however, says, “ Let the shoe pinch in the right place ; ” and accuses her of leading him into temptation. Sidonia rushes at him like a wild cat, calling him a liar, a traitor, and the like. Master Hans, the executioner, in his red mantle, now appears, accompanied by six stout assistants, and is ordered to take charge of the culprits till next morning, when they were to be branded, and then conducted beyond the frontiers. Ernestus Ludovicus again intercedes for Sidonia, who is considered to be already sufficiently branded. Appellmann, likewise, is excused this degradation. But both the delinquents are instantly sent out of the Wolgast territory : Sidonia goes to Stettin, to her admirer, Barnim the elder ; and Appellmann is discharged, on making vehement promises to reform. Such is the end of Sidonia's sojourn at the court of Wolgast.

We must now return to her father, Otto von Boreke.

That turbulent junker, having exacted from old Barnim a sort of promise of the gift of the tolls on the river Ihna, determines to have his

dues, arms his followers, and makes a raid into the district of Stargard, between the citizens of which town and himself there was a feud of long standing. But Jacobus Appellmann, the burgomaster of Stargard, aware of the junker's claims, and of his intention to enforce them, arms his good citizens of Stargard, lies in ambush near some brushwood for Otto von Boreke, discovers him plundering some Stargard boats, attacks, and makes him prisoner. Curiously enough the boats contain Sidonia and her lover, Johannes Appellmann (the old burgomaster's profligate son,) who had contrived to come together again after being turned out of Wolgast, and had preferred going by water to Stargard, to crossing the wild and dangerous heaths. The three are now conveyed as prisoners to Stargard — Sidonia is shut up in one room, Johannes Appellmann in another, and the junker, Otto von Boreke, imprisoned in an old tower on the ramparts. During the night the men keeping guard in the old tower are alarmed at a terrible whirlwind, which sweeps up the Ihna water. The mystery is solved next morning — Otto von Boreke had killed himself during the night. The room was strewn with papers, and a will was discovered, by which he left everything to his son, except the small farm of Zastrow, which he bequeathed to Sidonia, to keep her from starving; the will ended by cursing Sidonia as the cause of all his misfortunes. The two other culprits are summoned into the presence of the burgomaster. Jacobus Appellmann's son refuses to marry Sidonia, seeing that she is now a beggar; and Sidonia refusing to go to Zastrow is forthwith sent to Barnim the elder, at old Stettin, and becomes a tenant of one of the little suspicious-looking houses behind the church of St. Mary. Great was the noise and the scandal among the other women at the arrival of the new comer.

To return to the young Ernestus Ludovicus, whom we left for dead in Sidonia's room at Wolgast. The doctors are in despair: Dr. Pomius, convinced that there is some devilry in it all, looks over his books, and is determined, as a last resource, to try the recipe of Petrus Hispanus Ulyxbonensis, who afterwards became pope, under the name of John XXII. This infallible remedy consisted in fumigating the sufferer with the tooth of a dead man: the *delirium amatorium* was supposed always to yield to this application. Dr. Pomius's remedy, nevertheless, fails; but a man sentenced to be burnt for witchcraft, — which at this period was rife in Pomerania, — succeeds in curing the young prince, whose love for Sidonia is turned forthwith into bitter hate. On the recovery of Ernestus Ludovi-

cus, the whole court of Wolgast proceeds to Wollin, where Barnim the elder, now an old man, has convened the Estates, with the intention of resigning the cares of government. After the ceremony, all the young nobles carouse, get drunk, and with great difficulty Ernestus Ludovicus is prevented from rushing, in his mad, drunken fit, to the house where Sidonia is kept, and from stabbing her. Sidonia had accompanied Barnim to the diet at Wollin, whither, likewise, Jacobus Appellmann, the just old burgomaster of Stargard, had gone. His son takes this opportunity of escaping from the iron rule of his old father, finds out and visits Sidonia at Wollin; the intrigue is discovered by Barnim, and the two incorrigibles are again turned loose upon the world.

Meanwhile the riotous living of Johannes Fredericus, Barnim's successor, has brought ruin and famine upon Pomerania; the Estates refuse to grant any more supplies, and in revenge the duke pronounces the *interdictum sæculare* over the land, closes the criminal and judicial courts, and announces that this will last until the estates vote the supplies necessary to keep up his riotous manner of life.

This state of things exactly suits Johannes Appellmann and Sidonia, who raise a band of lawless outcasts, at the head of which they rob travellers, plunder churches and houses, and become the terror of Pomerania; the courts of justice being closed, there is no remedy. We will not follow them in their mad career. In one of these midnight expeditions, — an attack upon the castle of Saatzig, belonging to Marcus Boreke, who had married Clara Dewitz, — Sidonia is taken; her life is not only spared at her old friend Clara's intercession, but she is again admitted into her friendship. Marcus von Boreke is now called upon to attend the diet of Wollin, and before going gives strict injunctions to his wife not to trust Sidonia too implicitly: Marcus leaves his wife on the point of lying in. Clara forgets her husband's injunctions, and allows Sidonia to nurse her during her confinement. Sidonia appears to pay her friend every attention; but under the pretext of giving Clara some nourishment, she mixes for her a sleeping potion. The husband on his return finds his wife apparently dead, and a grand funeral service is performed. Sidonia slips into the church, and dances on her friend's coffin in the vault, singing the 109th Psalm. Clara wakes out of her torpor at this moment, and is left to suffocate by Sidonia, who then leaves the disconsolate widower, Marcus von Boreke, utterly unconscious of her crime. By bad luck she again meets her old lover, Johannes Appellmann,

in a village pot-house, at Rehewinkel. After another course of wild life, she and her lover are taken by a stratagem of Jacobus Appellmann. The stern old father, like a second Brutus, condemns his son to death: we will give part of this striking scene:—

Ere long another carriage halted at the door; several voices came nearer, and when the doors were opened the first that entered was the old burgomaster, Appellmann, with *Mag. Vitus Diaconus* of St. John's, who were followed by the executioner and his six assistants, bearing a black coffin.

When Johannes saw this he became as white as a sheet, and trembled like an aspen leaf; he said never a word, and sank down against the wall. The room was perfectly still, and Sidonia was in no better a state than her lover. Whilst the assistants placed the coffin on the ground, the old father stepped up to the table, and spake after this manner:—"Thou reprobate child—thou thrice-lost son! how oft have I endeavored to chastise thee!—how oft have I trusted to thy promises! Thou art no better, but rather worse, and the poison of thy wickedness hath increased day by day, as doth the poison of the young adder. Thy ruthless hands are stained with robbery, murder, and lust unspeakable."

He then enters into a detail of all his son's abominations in Poland and elsewhere: and the miserable culprit rolls in the dust before his stern father's feet. It is, however, too late. On finding his father inexorable, the wretched young man begins to curse and to swear so fearfully that the hair of all present stands on end. He ends by invoking the devil himself to come and seize him before the face of his stern old father, who utters a long and feeling extempore effusion; the son trembles, sobs violently, humbles himself, and of his own free will accompanies the priest into a room. This ecclesiastic confirms the young man in his penitence. "Ah, father!" says he, "life is sweet, and death is bitter, but since the Holy Spirit hath been with me, since I have tasted the body of our Lord, I say, Death is sweet and life is bitter. And now off with my head. But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."

To avoid temptation, he earnestly begs his father to have him executed forthwith. The wretched father gives the word, and the whole party—executioner and all—leave the spot. The father sinks exhausted to the ground. The son remains steadfast to the end. Sidonia, on seeing the head fall, laughs a loud laugh, exclaims, "Wretched renegade!" and disappears while the rest are singing a pious hymn.

We now lose sight of Sidonia for some time.

At the end of thirty years' wandering she returns to Stramehl, and claims alimony money from her brother and relations, who treat her request with scorn. Hereupon she seeks Ernestus Ludovicus, her former lover, who was now the reigning duke of Pomerania, of the Wolgast line, intending to demand of him a *præbenda* in the convent of Marienfließ. The first person she encounters at Wolgast is the young Elizabeth Magdalena, the daughter of Ernestus Ludovicus and of Hedwig of Brunswick; this young princess was affianced to Duke Frederick of Courland. After much sputtering and muttering, Sidonia kisses Magdalena's hand, and obtains an interview with Ernestus. This meeting is fatal to both father and daughter. Magdalena is shortly possessed by a devil, as is plainly proved by the following circumstances. The young girl has fits, during which she falls to the ground, stamps with her hands and feet, speaks with a deep gruff voice like a man, blasphemes God, and reviles her parents: moreover, her stomach swells, and the evil spirit can be plainly felt working up and down—her eyes start out of her head, and her tongue hangs discolored out of her mouth.

Item—Oftentimes she spake in the Latin tongue, albeit she hath never learned the same, wherefore many a one, especially the magister Michael Aspius, the court preacher, (seeing that his reverence, Dr. Gerschovius, had meanwhile departed this life,) did avow that the works of the devil were hereby made manifest.

The writhings and contortions of the poor victim were such that it required eight strong fellows to hold her down on her bed. Prayers are said in vain, Dr. Aspius summons to his aid one *Magister* Joel, a learned professor at Grypswald, who comes and drives the demon out of her, by pronouncing a tremendous exorcism out of the *Clavicula Salomonis*, and by drawing a tetragrammaton with his forefinger upon her breast. The devil leaves Magdalena with a tremendous clatter: a whirlwind shakes the whole church, and upsets the bag containing the offerings.

In spite of all these evident signs of witchcraft, there were still some few free-thinkers about the court who asserted that the maiden was simply ill, and not bewitched!

Other wonders, however, are in store for the ducal family at Wolgast. "I mean," says the narrator, "the strange event of the three-legged hare, which did appear at the death of Bogislaus the Great, and which invariably shows itself previous to the death of any of the reigning family." One curious circumstance is, that this three-legged hare never was seen by any but the court fool! and so it happened in

this case. A dwarf dressed in black, and wearing red boots, comes—hop—hop—hop—riding on a three-legged hare, stares impudently at the court jester, and goes hop—hop—hop back again behind a beer barrel. From that hour his highness Ernestus Ludovicus gets gradually worse, and dies on the 17th of March, 1591, in the forty-sixth year of his age. Some free-thinkers again attributed the death of Ernestus Ludovicus more to his deep potations than to Sidonia's witchcraft, or the three-legged hare and his rider. In the sixteenth century the nobles of Pomerania were notorious for drunkenness and hard living, and none more so than the old ducal race.

Ernestus' son, the young Duke Philippus Julius, is left to the charge of his uncle, Johannes Fredericus, the reigning duke of the Stettin branch of the family, and Sidonia now plies him with memorials to give her the long-desired *præbenda* in the convent at Marienfließ.

In the year 1600 the winter was of unexampled severity, and the reigning duke of Stettin had a grand hunting-match on the ice with his cousin, Joachim Frederick, the elector of Brandenburg, and his uncle, the old Duke Ulrich of Mecklenburgh. He determines to go with sledges on the Haff, as far as Wolgast, and visit his sister-in-law and his ward. Were it not that it would swell the present notice beyond all limits, we would extract an interesting description of the humors of this magnificent sledging expedition. By some accident the wild course of the sledges is delayed for a moment, and the hated and feared Sidonia—now a hideous old woman—poorly dressed, comes forward and asks the duke to give her the *præbenda* of Barbara von Kleist, lately deceased, in Marienfließ.

The brother of the deceased nun, Dinnies von Kleist, pushes her out of the way, saying "Go to the devil: the *præbenda* of my sister Barbara you never shall have!" The old hag spits and sputters, and it was soon seen what all this meant. Dinnies von Kleist, to show his prodigious strength, flourishes the banners of Pomerania and Brandenburg, one in each hand; and as this had somewhat delayed him, in order to come up with the cavalcade, he makes a short cut across the ice. He crosses a hole recently frozen over: the ice breaks, and his throat coming into violent contact with a strong crust of firm ice on the other side of the hole, he beheads himself. The banner of Pomerania sinks into the hole, while that of Brandenburg floats proudly over the expanse. This strange event predicts the extinction of the ancient Pomeranian race, and the absorption of their possessions by their cousins of the house of Brandenburg. One of the ducal race, however, in

the midst of all the speculations on this abstruse question, tells his brethren that he thinks the god Bacchus has more to do with the threatened extinction of their race than Sidonia, or any other witches.

Signs and prodigies now succeed one another in Pomerania. Strange coins are discovered with *Rape omnia* scratched upon them: again the ominous hare with three legs and its cobold rider are seen. Johannes Fredericus, on hearing this, faints, and shortly after dies in his fifty-seventh year. The same sledge which had conveyed him well and strong to Wolgast, transports his corpse to Stettin for burial. His two successors, Barnim the Tenth, and Casimir, live but a few months. Bogislaff the Thirteenth, alarmed at these successive deaths, all of which he attributes to the magic art of Sidonia, at length on her plaguing him with the request made to his predecessors, gives her the long-wished-for *præbenda* at Marienfließ. The other nuns are in a state of consternation. Once before she had impudently gone thither, asserting that Duke Barnim had given her the *præbenda*, and when the lie was detected had been indignantly expelled. The nuns, therefore, feared the notorious baggage's rancor for the slight that had been put upon her. Sidonia drives up to the convent of Marienfließ in triumph, accompanied by her lame old maid, Wolde, also a notorious witch.

Sidonia had not been long in the convent at Marienfließ before she has occasion to exhibit her propensities for mischief. The *Amptshauptmann*, or sheriff, Sparling, whose duty it was to inspect the convent, sends his maid with a quantity of flax, which Sidonia is ordered to spin by Christmas time. The sheriff, moreover, desired that the linen might be as fine as possible, as he wanted it for shirts for his own wearing. Sidonia flies into a passion, kicks the flax, and the old woman bringing it, out of the room. The sheriff himself now comes, armed with brief authority and a dog-whip, but is speedily routed by Sidonia, who breaks his head with a besom. He takes refuge with the abbess, Magdalena von Petersdorff. A memorial to the Duke is written, in which all Sidonia's transgressions are minutely detailed:—how she took possession of the vestry-room, sent for the abbess, bullied the other nuns, and beat the sheriff. The memorial is sent to the Duke Bogislaff, with a pressing request that the old hag Sidonia be dismissed from her *præbenda*, and again sent to beg her bread in the wide world. Sidonia receives Bogislaff's letter in answer to the memorial, and puts it behind the fire without reading it. She then spits and sputters after her usual witch fashion, and the poor abbess

and the sheriff are immediately visited with violent pains in the limbs and joints. Salves and medicaments are applied in vain; and the abbess endeavors, by sending Sidonia all sorts of delicacies, to bribe her to take off the charm. Meanwhile Sidonia and her lame old maid dance frantically about the room. Sidonia visits the abbess, and promises to relieve her from her miseries upon certain conditions; viz., she is to be left in quiet possession of the vestry-room, and made under-prioress of the convent: moreover, no further complaint is ever again to be made to the duke. On these demands being conceded, the pain, wonderful to relate, leaves the abbess' limbs.

Sidonia now hears by accident that the marriage of Philippus Julius, the young lord of Wolgast, was to be solemnized that very day. Rage takes entire possession of her soul. She summons her lame old maid into her presence, curses, and storms. "The bastard of Ernestus Ludovicus may perhaps have a child," if this marriage be consummated at Berlin before she can interfere to prevent it. She now invokes her familiar demon, Chim, and abuses him as a worthless imp for not having informed her of the occurrence in due time. One of the nuns, Anna von Apenborg, sees the whole of this scene from a sort of skylight commanding the vestry-room, where Sidonia has fixed her quarters, and hears her beat something which squeaks like a hare. Wolde, the maid, is told to take the lock out of the trunk; she does so, remarking, however, that it is now too late. Sidonia tells her that, although it is midnight in Pomerania, it wants a quarter to twelve by Berlin time; that the marriage guests had assuredly not yet separated, nor the bridal pair retired for the night, and she should arrive in time. She was determined to exterminate the whole of the odious Pomeranian ducal race, root and branch.

Hereupon she took the lock, and muttered some words over it, whereof Anna von Apenborg understood naught save the words Philippus, Franciscus, Bogislaus, Georgius, Ulricus, all which were the sons of Bogislaff XIII., and who verily all died childless. During her conjuration the lights upon the table burnt blue, and the creature she had beaten quacked with a different sort of voice; the clock struck, and the bells on the towers rung, but very softly: Anna Apenborg sank down upon her knees, and held her breath for very fright. Hereupon the witch gave Wolde the lock and key, telling her to throw it that very night into the sea, and to utter the charm,—

"So lange blift die See,
Kumm nimmer in die Hôh." *

* "As long as the waves remain,
Never come up again."

All at once Anna Apenborg is aware of seeing three shadows instead of two flit on the white-washed wall. She plucks up a heart to look again, when she sees all the three dancing and hears them singing with a loud voice, Ho, ho! Ha! ha! ha! ha! while the shadows on the wall flit backwards and forwards. Before long, however, a deep bass voice exclaims,—“Hey-day! I smell the blood of a Christian! I smell the blood of a Christian!” Whereupon the before named Anna, dreadfully alarmed, crawls back on her knees to the stairs, while wild unearthly laughter, loud enough to break the windows, resounds on all sides of her. She could not get a wink of sleep all that night.

Anna, of course, tells all that she saw to the abbess, and consultations are held as to future proceedings. Meanwhile Sidonia, as sub-prioress, tyrannizes over all the inmates of the convent;—even the abbess can make no head against her. The death of the porter is attributed to her arts of magic; at the funeral sermon the pastor hints as much: to avert suspicion, Sidonia demands to have the sacrament administered to her,—

Seeing that her witchcraft was as clear as the sun at noon-day, it is manifest that she not only desired the Lord's Supper from hypocrisy and in order to dazzle the eyes of the public, but likewise to feed with the body and blood of our Lord the toads which she hath concealed in her cell:—it is well known that witches do secretly place the Sacrament in their mouths with this intent. These vermin have been seen to suck it as a child sucks at the breast. Anna Apenborg did see this through the key-hole.

The report of witchcraft is so rife throughout the province, that commissioners are sent to examine into the matter. So much comes to light that the old abbess is reprimanded for not having sooner denounced Sidonia to the ducal court. The neighbors' cows are mysteriously sucked dry; their bees are decoyed away; those who offend her suffer severely from illnesses and sores. The commissioners were about to proceed to extremities with the old hag; the pitch-plaster for her mouth was prepared—the sturdy churls were ready to hold her down, when the shadow of a toad crawls slowly over the paper upon which the depositions were taken down. The commissioners are aghast, and, looking up, they perceive Sidonia at the window, accompanied by her evil spirit, Chim, in the shape of a black cat, watching their proceedings. Fright clears the room of all save the boldest—Doctor Schwallenberg. He had boasted that with recipes from Albertus Magnus, Theophrastus, and Paracelsus, he knew how to break Sidonia's spells. But the doctor is no match for her; he sickens and dies in a few days of the

self-same disease—a sort of black vomit—which had killed the porter of the convent. The sheriff, likewise, is carried off by fever.

The several members of the ducal family now assemble at old Stettin, to consider what is to be done. Nothing but signs and wonders are of daily occurrence; children with long beards, and other strange, misshapen wretches are born into the world. Bishop Franciscus of Pomerania, advises the rack, fire, and water to be used, and “recommends his own executioner to be sent for, who fears neither witch nor devil: they had delayed long enough already.” Sidonia is summoned, and appears before the assembled princes, bishops, and magnates of the land at old Stettin. When she enters the room, Bishop Franciscus, with a piece of chalk, draws his *symbolum* on the table before him,—“H. H. H.,” Help, helper, help,—threatens to have Sidonia torn limb from limb, and her accursed members thrown to the dogs. She, however, does not lose her courage, but answers all the questions put to her with singular tact, accounting for all that is laid to her charge as witchcraft by natural causes. She fairly silences them all, even the violent Bishop Franciscus; and is finally dismissed with only a reprimand.

On the 16th July a violent revolt broke out in Stettin, which again is laid to Sidonia’s charge. The excise on beer had been increased, and the populace rose, headed by an old woman—of course Sidonia—who, after Jack Cade’s fashion, says that everything shall be cheaper. The authorities are forced to fly; the Duke Philippus does not recognize his Stettin subjects. “Had it been the people of the Sound, I could have understood it; but my subjects of Stettin!”

Meanwhile matters are going on badly enough at Marienfließ. Dorte Stettin is possessed, and creates a *scandalum* in church by her violent cries and unseemly conduct. The parson is sent for, who tries to exorcise the demon: he finally succeeds in somewhat pacifying the evil spirit. His honor the parson is now seized with fever, and dies, and his body is half devoured by a were-wolf, which is shrewdly suspected to be none other than Sidonia. *Magister Joel*, of Gryppswald, a great theologian, and somewhat of a necromancer to boot, together with Franciscus, bishop of Camryn, now take counsel together, and determine to gain possession of the charm, “*Shem Hamporasch*,” which was known to exist in old Stettin, where it was carefully preserved by the Jews. Whoever possessed this charm could summon the angel Metatron, who was able to turn stones into diamonds, and clay into solid gold. They enter the synagogue, are discov-

ered, severely handled, and ignominiously kicked out.

Magister Joel, of Gryppswald, is now driven to other resources. For his present purpose a pure virgin is necessary, and Dilia von Boreke, Clara Dewitz’s granddaughter, is discovered to be a maid in thought and deed. She accordingly is selected to perform the grand *opus magicum*. Strangely enough, while *Magister Joel* is trying his hand at white magic, with the laudable object, however, of taking off the curse of barrenness from the ducal family—Christian Lüdeke is appointed to be the chief commissioner for the “drowning, racking, and burning of all witches.” This new commissioner sets about his work in right earnest; and every year many poor devils—no matter whether guilty or innocent, young, or old—are sent to the stake in Pomerania. Christian Lüdeke now ventures to Marienfließ, and seizes Anne Wolde, Sidonia’s lame old maid, upon whom he is about to inflict summary justice; when Sidonia, attended by her evil spirit, Chim, in the shape of a cat, with his hinder quarters decently attired in red breeches, suddenly appears, puts the whole *posse comitatus* to flight, and rescues her maid. Lüdeke, however, is not to be thus beaten: he returns with his assistants, and in three weeks no less than three unfortunate old women are burnt just beneath Sidonia’s window. “The smell of human flesh,” says Dr. Plönnies, “was perceived for a distance of some ten miles; the smell is a sickly, sweet, and loathsome smell, easily distinguishable from the smell of other flesh.” Lüdeke is an executioner after the devil’s own heart. He one day forgets a poor witch he had hung up by the feet before a slow fire. He is discovered by a kind hearted priest drinking and carousing with some others as bad as himself. “Thunder and lightning!” said he, “I had clean forgotten the accursed old baggage!”

Signs and wonders multiply. Some women at Pyritz are making a sort of porridge with meal and peas; this turns to blood; when bread is baked the crumb congeals into gore! In the Sound the very stones are stained with blood; nay, the multitudinous sea itself is “incarnadine; making the green one red.” Sermons are preached on these portents; but in vain. Dilia is now sent for to old Stettin to perform the grand *opus magicum*. Her lover, George Puttkammer, and her old father Jobst Boreke, ask *Magister Joel* of what use was the *opus theuricum*, or the angel who is to appear? We can perform, say they, what is wanted without his assistance, and can bring Sidonia either alive or dead. *Magister Joel*, however, overcomes their scruples, and after due perform-

ance of the proper magical prayers and incantations, the angel of the sun, in the shape of a beautiful youth of about twelve years of age, majestically appears and answers the questions that are put to him. In the middle of the ceremony the angel is suddenly summoned off to Nineveh, and Duke Francisus, bishop of Camyn, who is present at this scene, ventures to ask the spirit before he goes, "What, then, will become of mine ancient family? will it be extinct?" "Hold your tongue, you old drunken blood sucker!" was the angelic reply, which rendered the duke furious, and makes him accuse *Magister* Joel of having more to do with black than with white magic.

We must hurry, however, to a conclusion. Wolde is at length taken and burned; Sidonia herself is seized and placed in the Witches' Tower at Saatzig. She is then transferred to the Oderburg at old Stettin.

"God be praised," says Dr. Theodorus Plönies, "that I have brought Sidonia to the Oderburg. Her long imprisonment there, her trial, and lastly her torture, I will pass over, seeing that your princely highness and your highness'

brothers were yourselves present, and did stand within the green closet. I also, Theodorus Plönies, was there present as sheriff, and when I recall to mind her cries, and how her old dry bones cracked and trembled on the rack, nothing but green and yellow spots float before mine eyes."

Her advocate did his best to defeat the ends of justice, but in vain, and at four o'clock of the afternoon on the 28th of July, 1620, Sidonia confessed seventeen *articulos inquisitionales* while she lay on the rack, and was duly executed on the Ravenstone at old Stettin on the 19th August, 1620.

We have thus endeavored to give our readers an outline of Dr. Meinhold's strange tale. By paring it down to a mere narrative, much that is valuable—the sly humorous hits at mesmerism and at Meinhold's old enemies of the Rationalist school of Germany, as well as much strange antiquarian lore, have necessarily been omitted; but we trust that we have said enough to induce German scholars to get the book and read for themselves.

Fraser's Magazine.

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

THE POLISH QUESTION.

There are many enthusiasts in the cause of Poland, who may learn a wholesome lesson from the following communication, which we have received from a correspondent, a Roman Catholic inhabitant of West Prussia. He writes:

"A question which at the present time attracts much attention in Germany, and which agitates the public mind, especially in the northern and southern districts,—a question which will yet bring much misery to Germany, but which assuredly does not deserve the enthusiasm which it excites, is that which concerns Poland. If you knew the Poles as we know them, your enthusiasm would speedily grow cool. I value nationality as sincerely as any one can do, as the greatest good which a nation can obtain; I desire, as ardently as any one can do, to see a united Poland, which would be the strongest bulwark of Germany against northern despotism; I desire to see a free Poland; but I am convinced that there is no prospect of it. If you could see this so-called nation with your own eyes, your enthu-

siasm would soon die away. There are noble, there are truly great men among the Poles; men, to whom the love of their country is the one idea of their lives; but ask them, whether they believe in the freedom of Poland. Dembinski remains in Belgium; Chlopicki and Skrzinecki make no movement; Microslawski was almost stoned when he invited the Poles to express their gratitude to Germany for the sympathy which she had shown with them. A Polish government was organized for Posen! another for West Prussia, a country originally German; a country in which five-sixths of the inhabitants are Germans, and in which one-half of the remaining sixth consists of Cossuben, who never belonged to Poland, but to Pomerania; whom the Pole despises, and whose language, a compound of German, Wendish, and Polish, the Pole can hardly understand. It would be ridiculous if it were not too serious. What has been the consequence? A strong reaction of the Germans in West Prussia and Posen; we will remain Prussians, and above all Germans.

This reaction is now producing hatred ; and woe to the Poles, if they compel Germany to become their enemy !

Do not believe that it is the mass of the Polish nation which desires a free Poland ; the Polish peasant is very far from wishing for the restoration of Polish government. The Polish nobleman lives upon the recollection of the glorious days of the electorate ; he still treats his peasants as serfs, and they well know what would be in store for them. Do not believe, then, in a constitutional Poland ; that is not the intention of the nobles. A Polish electorate, in which the nobility should govern, is what they desire. It will be asked perhaps, whence then the armies of Poles, the twenty thousand scythemen ? (The number is truly Polish, i. e. much exaggerated). I will tell you the motive which is now goading the lower classes of the Poles into motion ; it is Religion. Catholic and Polish, Protestant and German are to them, in their common conversation, synonymous terms ; and it is religion by which the nobles and the priests excite the masses of the people. Liberal promises and the hope of plunder have likewise brought many into the field. But the reaction has already commenced ; the peasant is turning his arms against the noble, and I fear that we shall witness a repetition of the scenes enacted in Gallicia ; for the peasant finds that he has been deceived by his leaders.

The Poles, in fact, through their own conduct have allowed the only favorable opportunity for achieving their independence to escape. I regret it for the sake of the poor people, and for the sake of Russian Poland, which is groaning under a heavy yoke."

Another correspondent, who writes from the Gallician frontier, expresses the same sentiments. "Let us not, for a moment, deceive ourselves concerning that which is so evident. All Poles, including those of Gallicia, desire a restoration of their free country within those boundaries which it had in the times of its greatest prosperity and its greatest extent. They desire to have what they consider *their* Poland, and that as speedily as possible. And this is the one single thread which binds together all the unconnected parties which are unceasingly formed and dissolved. These parties, if they are not quickly guided by a better spirit of moderation, will again bring unspeakable misfortunes over their much-tried country, and we sincerely wish that the moment may not, as seems likely, be at hand, when a noble Pole may exclaim, and that for all eternity, as Kosciusko did : *Finis Polonia*. How many voices have been raised for Poland since the thirteenth of March ! what strong

sympathies have been manifested in her cause ! With a clear and determined voice Germany has declared : You shall have your Poland again. Germany, strong, united Germany will give it to you ; but Germany must have time to grow strong and united. Have patience and moderation ; the object of your wishes will be attained, and until the moment of your political regeneration shall come, you can enjoy all the liberty which Germany herself possesses and can give. A vain desire, a vain enterprise, the one idea, which has brought death to so many noble Poles, is leading them now, too, to the conflict, but not to victory. Scarcely had the national reorganization of the grand-duchy of Posen commenced, when it degenerated into injustice, oppression, and open enmity towards Germans. Those very Germans who gave the signal for the freedom of Poland, are now to feel the whole weight of the Poles, who are in appearance stronger. It is only an interchange of parts—in a tragedy. Everywhere was heard the watchword, 'away with the Germans,' although they carried on their lips the fine phrase of 'fraternization of nationalities.' It is said that the German bureaucracy has excited the peasants in Gallicia, so that they are ready at any moment to fall upon the nobles. But, let the bureaucracy have been ever so bad, this much is certain, that the peasant will never forget the fearful oppression which during three centuries he endured ; he will look forward with terror to the time when the dominion of the nobility shall recommence. Poland shall be free, but the moment is not yet come ; for if freedom were this day granted to Posen, it would be the signal for a terrible conflict between Germans and Poles ; and if Austria were this day to resign her dominion over Gallicia, a bloody war between peasantry and nobles would be the consequence. We will not inquire how Russia would act in such an event ; but assuredly it is not without a purpose that she has been making enormous preparations upon our frontiers. What, then, is needed ? Patience and moderation ;—but they are impossible. Let the noblest men, the most honored apostles of Polish freedom preach this truth, and they will receive the same treatment which fell to the lot of the self-sacrificing Dr. Trentowski after two days residence in Cracow. And yet, if matters go on thus, Polish nationality will be lost to all eternity."

— FREIKUGELN.

To some persons, it is a satisfaction to know the worst, because it is never so bad as their fears.—*Euthanasia*.

LORD BROUGHAM'S LETTER ON THE LATE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

Lord Brougham, who is only not a citizen of the French Republic, because M. Cremieux, the Minister of Justice under the Provisional Government of the Republic, point blank refused him the privileges he sought, unless upon his entire renunciation of the privileges of an Englishman, takes, nevertheless, so deep an interest in the affairs of that country, as to judge them worthy of a long and elaborate letter to his friend the Marquis of Lansdowne. We have perused the document with much attention. It is impossible that anything Lord Brougham writes can be otherwise than interesting. His is a mind of which the workings are at all times curious or instructive. We think that in the present pamphlet they are both; and we can conscientiously affirm our belief that if the reader be not improved by it, he will most certainly be amused.

Lord Brougham, of course, loudly condemns the French Revolution. It cannot be expected that he should praise it, although he might, at this time, have been a French citizen, a representative, and a candidate for the Presidency—if his own wishes alone had been consulted in the matter. He manifests, however, so complete an ignorance of the state of the popular mind of France during the whole reign of Louis Philippe, and more especially for the two years immediately preceding the Revolution, as to deprive his condemnation of all value as a reproof. In his grief for the results of the Revolution he goes upon surer grounds, because he judges by what he knows; and in that grief the great majority of the French people no doubt would willingly sympathize with him. In considering his pamphlet, we shall point out a few of the unpardonable mistakes and gross contradictions into which he falls, in his blind admiration of Louis Philippe and M. Guizot, and shall endeavor, at the same time, to do full justice to the many excellent things that are scattered through its pages.

His Lordship commences by stating that he "thinks it a duty incumbent on one who has at various times been a leader in political movements, and had some hand in bringing about the greatest constitutional change that ever was effected without actual violence, to enter calmly but fully upon the consideration of the most extraordinary revolution which ever altered the face of affairs in a civilized country." We draw particular attention to this passage, because we think it will explain the radical defect in his Lordship's judgment of French

affairs, and show his want of impartiality in treating of them. No doubt the Reform Bill was carried without ACTUAL violence; but there did not need the extraordinary letter of Mr. Thomas Young to General Napier, which has just been exhumed at the trial of Mr. Smith O'Brien, to inform the country of the well-known fact, that actual violence was only prevented, in the memorable year of the Reform Bill, by the timely concession of the King and the House of Lords. Of course Lord Brougham "*had a hand*" in those events; and we must suppose, from all we know of his history and doings at that time, that he would have gone with his party; that he was cognizant of the state of the public mind, and of the preparations of the Reformers, and that what Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell approved, was not unknown to Henry Brougham, their prospective Lord Chancellor. We would, therefore, ask his Lordship, as a writer aspiring to be considered impartial, what the state of Great Britain would have been (and with the concurrence and aid, be it remembered, of men who now wield power in this country,) if resistance to the Reform Bill had been persisted in? The country knows the answer that truth would dictate: it knows that timely concession prevented a violent revolution. The confidential babbling of Mr Thomas Young, of the Home-Office, so curiously revealed in our day, but confirms a fact that was tolerably well known at the time, and has repeatedly been affirmed since. Lord Brougham, however, forgets that the case of the English people in 1831-2 became the case of the French people in 1847-48. Luckily for England, in 1831-32, she had a Monarch who acted constitutionally, and knew how to yield before it was too late. Unluckily for France, in 1847-48, she had a Monarch who acted unconstitutionally, by becoming his own Prime Minister, and who did not know how to yield, until it was very much too late. The concession of Reform by William IV. and the Peers of England prevented a violent revolution, as we all know: the obstinate resistance to reform made by Louis Philippe and M. Guizot caused a violent revolution, as most people know except Lord Brougham. Our case was fortunate—that of the French unfortunate; but they are more to be pitied than condemned, and the blame should be cast upon the head of the guilty causes, rather than on those of the unlucky sufferers by the change. Their Revolution is a great

misfortune: they know it—they feel it—they do not cease to deplore it. But, however foolishly they may have since acted, however wild may be the dreams of the dreamers who have aspired to govern them, and however long and arduous the struggle that may yet be before them, we should not cease to remember, that the Revolution was forced upon them; that if the small and just reforms required by the party that organized the memorable Reform Banquets of 1847 and 1848 had been conceded, Louis Philippe would have been King of the French at this moment. Knowing these things, the French, and the impartial amongst ourselves, will consider the following paragraphs of his Lordship's letter as coming with an ill grace from a man who "had a hand" in the Reform agitation. They either show an utter ignorance of the state of French politics under the Guizot administration, or they are a willful perversion of plain facts:—

"Instead of attempting to reform the system by lawful means, or to change the Ministers who had given offence, or to exact punishment by the course of justice for that offence, the indignation of the multitude in Paris suddenly bursts forth, because the police threaten to stop a dinner and a procession; an armed mob resists the authorities; an incident renews the conflict, after it had of itself died away; another accident occasions unnecessary shedding of blood; the populace, further exasperated, march to the National Assembly, and without the assent of any regular body whatever, proclaims a Republic, of which no one had dreamt an hour before, and names as its chiefs some half-dozen men, of whom no one had dreamt at any time, as rulers of the state! Then this work of some half-dozen artisans met in a printing-office, and leading on two or three thousand in a capital of one million souls, and a nation of five and thirty, is at once perceived to have the very probable consequence of uniting the ten or twelve thousand felons, chiefly discharged galley-slaves, who are always under the watch of the police, but always hovering about, ready for any mischief; a national alarm is excited, that the Monarchy having been destroyed in one contest, all Paris may be subjected in another to fire, pillage, massacre. So by universal consent, the inhabitants of that great capital submit to the absolute dominion of the dictators thus suddenly appointed by a handful of armed ruffians, headed by a shoemaker and a sub-editor, and adopt, as if it had been their own work, the new Government thus proclaimed by that most insignificant band, without even affecting to ask the consent of any human being, or even to apprise any one beforehand of what they intended to do—nay, very possibly without having five minutes before formed any precise intention at all.

"Yes! yes! this is the truth—the terrible truth! The like of this never was before witnessed among men—I will not say men living in a state of civil society, but among any collection

of rational beings, connected by the slightest tie, and joined together for the common purposes of their joint defence, or their joint operations of any kind whatever. That a total change in their social condition should be the sudden work of a moment—a change prepared by no preceding plan—prompted by no felt inconvenience—announced by no complaint; that all which had before been adopted by the approval, more or less general, of the nation, at any rate submitted to in peace by all, should be instantaneously renounced, rejected, cast off, and every vestige be swept away of what had existed with unusual acquiescence, and an entirely new order of things, an order in all particulars new, devised without the least deliberation, struck out at a heat, created off-hand as quick as a ready-speaker can off-hand utter half a dozen sentences unpremeditated; that a few minutes by the clock should intervene between the old, obsolete, annihilated, and the span new, untried, and even unthought of—truly this is a convulsion to which no former revolution ever known in the world offers the least parallel."

His Lordship says, "Yes, yes, this is the truth." But those who are impartial in their judgment of the French say, "No, no." His Lordship is evidently not ignorant of the abuses that existed under Louis Philippe, and which M. Odillon Barrot, M. Duvergier d'Hauranne, and other leaders of the opposition, sought to remedy by the strictly legal and constitutional means of public dinners, for the expression of opinion. He says:—

"I must, however, frankly confess, that there were grave faults committed since the restoration, and even since the change in 1830. The Peerage for Life I reckon one; and the allowing the National Guards to choose their officers another—both faults of the same description, as tending to weaken the Executive power, and undermine the Monarchical principle. I say both—because although the Peerage for Life seems at first sight to strengthen the Crown's influence in the Upper House, its ultimate effect must be to impair the dignity and lessen the weight of the aristocracy, and to deprive the Crown of a protection against the people, far more available than such an interposed body can ever be to the people against the Crown. The aristocracy of France, from its poverty, required every support. The infinite subdivision of land is, if possible, more fatal to a patrician order than to agricultural improvement; and the depriving it of hereditary tenure, so as to leave it wholly dependent on the Crown, converted the Chamber of Peers into a feeble reflection of the Monarch's own separate powers—a body of Royal nominees, with little more personal weight than so many pensioners.

"But it was a greater fault, and one in an opposite direction, to resist all attempts at improving the constitution of the popular assembly. The multitude of placemen who there had seats, gave an illegitimate influence to the Crown, and alienated the affections of the people from those who should have been trusted as their represent-

atives. Still more, the judicial functionaries who were allowed to canvass for votes in the very districts where by their office they should only have distributed justice, and to sit in the Chamber as members, partaking of all the heats and of all the intrigues of the most factious times—both injured the character of the Lower House, and incalculably operated to corrupt the administration of the law. Some change in these particulars was imperatively required; the exclusion of magistrates altogether from the Chamber of Deputies, and the restriction of the other placemen, especially those holding office during pleasure, seemed to be a change almost of course and absolutely necessary in the present day, when such glaring abuses can no longer find defenders among any class of the community. The very limited number of persons possessing the elective franchise was an equally important defect in the constitution. In all France there were not above 250,000 voters, not a fifth part of those in England, regard being had to the relative numbers of the inhabitants. It was earnestly urged upon the late Government by their real and zealous friends—of whom I certainly accounted myself one—that the franchise should be extended considerably. This and the exclusion of placemen to a certain degree, would have made the Government as popular as could reasonably be required.”

Yet Lord Brougham, having confessed these evils, either ignores the banquets which were intended to reform them, or sneers at the efforts of the cautious men who performed vainly for France in 1847 the task that Henry Brougham, Lord John Russell, and other Whigs and Whig Ministers performed successfully for England in 1831. He contradicts his own previous admissions by asserting—

“The Sovereign could not stir without an effectual constraint upon all his motions—the law could not be violated by any minister, or any public functionary—the affairs of the nation were subjected to constant discussion in a public and independent assembly, *responsible only to the country*—the conduct of every person in the service of the State was liable to be examined, and his demerits not only exposed, but punished, by persons whom the voice of a considerable portion of the people commissioned to perform that duty. Compared with these virtues which the constitution undeniably possessed, all its vices shrink into nothing. Compared with the solid, practical good which it secured, all the further advantages which might have been desirable, were really hardly worth a struggle—assuredly worth no struggle that could endanger the first of all blessings, the country's peace.”

It was the great grievance of the French—the grievance not of the rabble of Paris—not of the journeymen shoemakers and sub-editors, nor of the escaped felons that did the dirty work of street convulsion; but of the merchants, bankers, agriculturists, manufacturers, profes-

sional men, and shopkeepers of France, that the legislature was NOT “responsible to the country.” Lord Brougham himself confesses as much. There were 250,000 electors. There were more than 250,000 places in the gift of the Crown; and these places were notoriously reserved for and created for the reward of the political subserviency of this handful of the people. The legislature was only responsible to 250,000 placemen holding emoluments as bribes directly from the Government. *That was the grievance. That was the evil which the Government obstinately refused to reform—a disgust at which made the shopkeepers of Paris and the bulk of the middle classes refuse to lift a finger in defence of the dynasty when the evil day came.* Not that alone, but the gross corruption pervading the whole administrative offices of France. The King's own intrigues in the Spanish marriages, the recent exposure of the shameful venality of M. Teste, a judge and Minister of Justice—the suicide of M. Bresson, and the cause that led to it; to say nothing of the previous exposure in the case of M. Gisquet and others; all these disgraceful and unhappy circumstances combined to deprive the Government and the dynasty of moral weight. It was not the mere street convulsion—it was not physical force alone that overthrew them. It was the moral force arrayed against them, and which absolutely left them without a friend capable of making an effort to serve them when calamity and destruction menaced them. His obstinate blindness to these facts is the great flaw in his Lordship's pamphlet; and we cannot help regretting either that a more intimate knowledge of the history of France from 1830 to 1848 did not form a portion of his Lordship's mind; or that his determination at all hazards to praise his “friend,” the King, caused him to wander from the strict line of truth, before he ventured upon an exposition which aspires to be highly philosophical and strictly impartial.

In other respects there is much in his pamphlet to approve. The short history and the eulogium of the British Constitution are both admirable; and his defence of a House of Peers, or Second Chamber, is able, well-considered, and convincing. One of his illustrations of the uses of a Second Chamber is highly characteristic of the writer, and will cause a smile:—

“Our own House of Lords has again and again prevented remediless mischief from being worked by the hasty, ill-considered bills sent up from the Commons in seasons of calm, when no general excitement disturbed the lawgiver's course. When you and I were in office together, I stopped three measures in as many weeks—measures which the Lower House had passed

unanimously. One would have punished, by disfranchisement, a borough with 1300 voters, because a case of bribery had been proved against twenty or thirty, and the counsel for the Bill admitted that he could not carry his case further: the Commons had collected a mass of hearsay rumors, which they sent us up as proof, and the moment we sifted it, all vanished away. Another put in hazard every borough in the kingdom, enabling the Commons to disfranchise, by a single vote, whatever constituency should be accused before it; and thus the Lords, prone enough to abolish the recently-formed electoral bodies, would at once have been able to get rid of them. The third bill would have suspended the whole administration of criminal justice at sessions. The first of these bills I threw out, after trying the whole case by evidence, as I should have done sitting at *Nisi Prius*; I was assisted by the Chief Justice; and the Peer who had charge of it admitted that no other course could be taken than to reject it."

In other words, I, Lord Brougham, a Peer, corrected errors that were allowed to pass unchallenged by the whole of the representatives of the people. Ergo, a House of Peers is necessary, but it must have a Brougham in it.

Q. E. D.

The following is just, and well expressed:—

"The want of a privileged class from which a Senate deserving the name may be chosen, and the inconsistency of a Senate chosen for life with the spirit of Republican Government, must greatly lessen the benefits of the Second Chamber. But this only shows in another way the evils of a Republic; and inculcates the great lesson of all political experience, that none of the pure forms of Government is desirable. Indeed, none of them can, unless in countries very peculiarly circumstanced, have a long duration. They all carry in their bosoms the seeds of destruction by violent change, or of decay by degenerating into other forms of polity. The people in a pure democracy, intoxicated with power, are borne away into violent courses that end in anarchy,

which makes men seek for order and repose under a Monarch; the patricians in a pure aristocracy domineer over the people, and confine the Government to a few of their own body; the Sovereign in a pure monarchy encroaches on the natural rights of his subjects, and erects a despotism on the ruins of a constitutional kingdom. But though thus it is, and though it be true that checks are insufficient long to save any of these systems, being makeshifts rather than solid securities, that is no reason for despising them or rejecting such benefits, how limited soever, as they offer—there being nothing more certain than that they are better than no security at all, and that they render it possible to hope for some protraction of the Government's existence, which without any such checks would be wholly impossible."

We have not space, or we should gladly make further extracts from the portions of the pamphlet. We cannot conclude, however, without expressing our entire belief in his Lordship's statement, that the pamphlet "has been dictated by any feelings rather than those of disrespect or of the least unkindness towards the French nation." The fact seems to be, that friendship for individuals has prompted him to write; and that, although he may feel kindly towards the French people, he still feels more kindly towards his personal friends, Louis Philippe and M. Guizot. In the Provisional Government Lord Brougham recognizes no one whatever as being known to fame, or deserving to be known, "except his illustrious friend M. Arago"—certainly not a whit better known, and certainly by no means so able a man, as M. de Lamartine, whom he does not even mention.

Friendship is a great virtue, but it borders upon vice, when it blinds the eyes of men to the beauty of impartiality, and to the lustre of truth and justice.

London News.

UNIVERSAL PEACE.

It is odd, that while all the wise men of Europe are anxiously casting about for devices to secure or restore peace, that should be precisely the easiest task in the world: at least so it should seem from the letter which Mr. Cobden has recently published. A congress has been sitting at Brussels to establish universal peace; in this mode—by introducing an arbitration clause into international treaties, by establishing a congress of nations for the construction of an international code, and by the mutual disarmament of nations. Mr. Cobden

is invited to attend; but he scarcely thinks it worth while. He adopts two of the propositions, leaving the middle one in doubt; only he suggests separate treaties for perpetual peace instead of the arbitration clause. As to the mutual disarmament, you would suppose that it might be accomplished by the simple publication of his letter. You have only "to open the eyes of all the nations of Europe to the enormous expense and waste occasioned by their standing armaments: to accomplish this object you need only publish in the different Conti-

mental languages a few simple facts"; and then he has a long paragraph of statistical details, showing that throughout Europe there are four millions of men in arms, and that the cost of those armies, forts, &c., is 200,000,000*l.* sterling per annum. It would be interesting to see the vouchers for these calculations; but, however cogent they may be, we suspect it needs something more than "only to publish" statistical details in order to abolish the apparatus of war.

The time particularly chosen by Mr. Cobden has not escaped the ridicule to which it is obviously liable. The thirty-three years' duration of peace shows the desire of nations to avoid the inflictions of war; the very efforts now made in the universal confusion attest the sincerity and endurance of that wish, but also display the difficulties of continuing to satisfy it. For thirty-three years the nations have been striving, with enormous expense of mutual negotiation, compromise, and toleration, to postpone armed discord; and Mr. Cobden steps forth in the year 1848, to suggest peace as a bright idea that has just occurred to him. A still more summary plan might be suggested for curing the ills arising from the errors and crimes of mankind: why does not Mr. Cobden write a letter propounding the advantages and economy of *virtue*? It is only "to open the eyes of men to the enormous expense and waste" occasioned by wickedness, and "to accomplish this object you need only publish in the different Continental languages a few simple facts;" for indeed, the advantages of virtue, social and economical, might be made apparent in a single one of Mr. Cobden's paragraphs. Unfortunately, however, he has omitted almost every element of the calculation, excepting the most superficial and least powerful—the one of economical advantage. Although so matter-of-fact a man, he has overlooked almost every fact in history; which would show him, that nations as well as men are very partially governed by mere questions of economical interests; that they are governed much more powerfully by their desires, their passions, mutual sympathies and antipathies, spirit of contest, and a thousand other influences, to which the consideration of profit is universally and peremptorily sacrificed. From the Spanish Abd-er-Rahman, who wallowed up his contumacious mistress in uncemented ingots of gold, which she was to appropriate on consenting to be kind, down to the last scapegrace who has had his fling at Newmarket or in Jermyn Street, all classes of men have been willing to sacrifice profit for any favorite object. Nations are composed of men, and have their hobbies as well; witness Algeria and Mexico.

Every volume of history is a review of the incessant sacrifices made by nations of their sober interests to their passions and prejudices. In the exclusive contemplation of his fixed idea, the matter-of-fact Cobden chooses so completely to ignore the facts, that he becomes what Charles Lamb called "a matter-of-lie man;" for does he not go so far as to assert, that "to open the eyes" of Europe to his philosophy, you have "only to publish," &c.?

The project is essentially unsound, since it can only rest for enforcement on the very measure which it prohibits. Perpetual peace has been the professed object of repeated treaties on the close of war; and there always *has* been peace—till the next war. Whether you stipulate it by "arbitration clauses" or by separate treaties, you can do no more than secure for it the same contingent duration, namely, a duration till the next war. What appeal in the last resort would there be in case the compact were broken? None, except to war. You would therefore have the absurdity of a peace ratified with extraordinary solemnity, purporting to be universal and perpetual, yet resting on the guarantee of war.

As to the congress of nations to form an international code, Mr. Cobden very justly doubts its feasibility; though it would in fact form the only court of appeal for the peaceable enforcement of his peace treaties; so that we do not see why *he* can object. We have, indeed, as it has been observed, books and precedents, which somewhat supply the place of an international code. And there is no present hope of obtaining greater perfection under that head. The reason why international jurisdiction remains vague and imperfect is, not only that there exists no higher power capable of adjudicating and enforcing its judgment, but also that the nations are not really agreed upon the bases or conclusions for an international jurisdiction or code. You cannot, for example, persuade the Mussulman to abandon conversion by the sabre; the Roman Catholic to waive the spiritual infallibility of the Pope; you will not make France condemn political propagandism; nor Russia abandon the divine right of kings.

Without a guarantee for the duration of peace, or a court of appeal for the settlement of international disputes, anything approaching what is indicated by the terms "mutual disarmament" must be impossible. Mutual diminutions of armies and fortifications have not been uncommon on the conclusion of war; but such partial abandonment of warlike apparatus cannot be what is meant by the new Cobdenite invention—the general disarmament of nations, in order to save the money expended on the maintenance of standing armies; at which he

sneers as a modern innovation. Now he should be too good an economist not to know that standing armies are a product of the modern economical improvement called "division of employments;" and that the distinct payment of a standing army is in reality a far less cost to the nation than the incalculable waste of labor which occurred when the lords and their peasantry were summoned from their homesteads and fields to perform military service. We cannot discontinue standing armies without re-arming the good men and true throughout each country: a plan perhaps not altogether without its advantages, but certainly not recommended by greater thrift in the money way.

As to the notion of simply disarming nations, it is the folly of monomania. Perhaps no nation is prepared for such a step; but certainly Europe, with its mixed population, its Babel of tongues, its contemporaneous existence of social conditions belonging to different ages, cannot in safety be disarmed. And when we remember that the proposal really is to disarm

those nations which are the pioneers of civilization, it looks like a suggestion of the Arch Enemy to betray the whole of what mankind has gained since the middle ages. Preach as we may, there are some nations to whom such a precept would be an unknown tongue, or, if understood, ridiculous. Russia, whose Autocrat we this week see speaking as the interpreter of Divine authority, and receiving the prostrate submission of superstitious slaves, will hardly abandon the army of bean-eating barbarians which is to him so cheap and so convenient for keeping his nobles in order. The remoter provinces of Eastern Europe—Hungary, for instance—are literally in a social condition not unlike that of Europe when it emerged from the dark ages, and as little likely to comprehend the virtue or the policy of forgetting the sword. To disarm Western Europe, therefore, would be deliberately to place that region in the position of degenerate Rome, before the Goths and Huns of the nineteenth century.

Spectator.

RAGLAN CASTLE, MONMOUTHSHIRE: ITS FORTUNES AND ITS FALL.

Raglan Castle in olden days numbered amongst the strongest fastnesses of Britain. Within its towers feudal nobles fortified themselves, and defied the foe in war, or dwelt in rude splendor in times of peace.

It is connected with many a history of the past. But Raglan stands dismantled now, the abode not of feudal chieftains or "faire ladies," but of the night owl and the bat: the lizard shelters in its stones, and the goat grazes around its towers.

The ruin stands to preach the passiveness of earthly things, to tell of mutability, wreck, and decay.

"Changed in all save name"

is the once mighty Raglan! Nay, changed in very name; for Raglan is, in common parlance, corrupted into Ragland.

The ruin, in the irregularity of its form, festooned with creepers, stained by weather, and presenting broken lines, is beautiful and fair. There is a calm, solemn, picturesque loveliness in it, and in the scene around it, which charms the eye, even while thought is wandering far away, to those bygone times when the walls of the fortress rang with sounds of mirth, dance, and song; or echoed the cry of

the sentinel given and returned, the noise of weapons, and the clang of armor.

As the beholder, versed in history and the classic past, stands contemplating the crumbling mass, his thought must stretch backwards to times now numbered

"With the years beyond the flood,"

and to men who represented our race in the days of Raglan's glory. Memory will crowd upon memory—one and another of those whose names once filled Britain will rise before the mental vision, binding him in close bonds of interest and feeling with the departed and the past.

Such recollections are good for man. They temper in his mind the engrossingness of present things, the materialism of the age. The melancholy evidence of decay reminds him that earth is not forever.

It will not be uninteresting to picture Raglan in some of its brighter and most courtly days—those just preceding its fall; and then to place it before the reader's eye as it stood beleaguered and wasted by that despoiling host which wrought so many ruins in Britain.

The powerful race of Clare once owned the fortress; in their sway it was a terrific strong-

hold. Their possession of it is tied with many histories of blood and contest.

Richard Strongbow was the last of their line who held it. In the time of the second Henry, he gave it to Walter Bloet. From Bloet it passed into the family of Berkely, and from that family it came to the house of Somerset.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was the progenitor of the Somersets, who sprang from his natural issue by Catherine Swynford. He caused her children to be styled Beaufort, in memory, he asserted, of their birthplace in Anjou; they were subsequently legitimized by act of Parliament; and in 1306 Sir John Beaufort was created Earl of Somerset, when the name of Beaufort was dropped, and the appellation of Somerset assumed in its place, as the family name.

At a later date, ducal rank was conferred upon this left-handed line of royal descent. Henry IV. was a little jealous of it, and in ratifying the patent of legitimacy, which had been taken out in its favor, he inserted the words "*excepta dignitate regium regina.*"

With the accession to ducal rank, the family again took up the name of Beaufort, and the representative of the Somerset House is Duke of Beaufort. The Somersets have always been a fine race—able in politics, brave in war, loyal and true.

We pass on to the eventful days when Raglan castle stood in possession of Henry Somerset, who in 1642 was created first Marquis of Worcester, and in his father's life-time was called to the upper house. He was a man well calculated to grace the dignity and to do honor to the new creation.

With his advent to the peerage, troublous times were drawing on. He played his part in them faithfully, and sank with them. Connected as he is with the history of Raglan, a brief description of him will not be misplaced.

He was of gigantic stature. His features were handsome and aquiline; his manners rather grand and stately than elegant; and in keeping with them, his attire and general bearing were magnificent. The soul which inspired or created this exterior was filled with honor and chivalry. The marquis possessed strong sense, an expansive mind, an honest conscience, and a most noble and generous spirit; qualities which were proved in him throughout a long eventful life, and especially and most signally in his devotion to his falling king.

He was marked by a determination at all times, and at all costs, to do his duty; and he possessed a vein of rough humor, which in his tempest-tossed career never left him, and which

not a little tempered the adversity of his closing days.

One of the staunchest friends of the unfortunate Charles, he sacrificed all in his cause. Before the fatal issue of affairs, he often gave the monarch admonitions and counsels, not always unmingled with the remonstrance that may be permitted by a sovereign to a well-tried friend. Sometimes he caused the courtiers to look strange, to bite their lips, and to wince; but he cared not; he knew his duty, and would not be balked of his honest purpose.

Charles several times visited him at his castle of Raglan, and passed there some of the latest days before his captivity.

But it is time to describe Raglan itself. There is a straggling hamlet of that name, now dignified as a post town. It lies a mile from the ruin. The castle stands on a gentle eminence, in the midst of an extended plain. This position, in exception to the common ideas which governed the choice of sites for old fortresses, is the more striking, because in the lovely county of Monmouth, of which Raglan forms one adorning feature, flats are few. Rock, hill, and water, with continually undulating ground, characterize that softly beautiful semi-Welsh, semi-English province.

Raglan, however, did not frown from the summit of mountain or crag; but, from a gentle acclivity, looked down upon a smiling plain. We must be pardoned for writing it in its venerated ancient name. It was moated around. The building consisted of five stories; the walls, of which a considerable portion still stand, are ten feet thick. Around them are raised terraces, which served as a favorite promenade for the brave or fair denizens of the castle.

These elevated terraces caught the balmy air, which came scented with perfume from the surrounding flowery plains. Within niches in the walls which defended them were statues of sundry of the Roman emperors.

On these terraces cavalier and damoiselle have trod side by side. There, perhaps, the maiden blushing and trembling in her joy, has heard the vows of her devoted knight, and spoken the words which have sealed her destiny for life. There childhood's light step and merry laugh have gladdened the matron's heart, and the youthful son has stayed the steps of his age-stricken sire.

It was on these terraces that the clever, creative, imaginative Glamorgan, albeit somewhat credulous and rash, was wont to pace, as he mentally conned his various "*scantlings*," quickening his step as the happy thought or new idea struck him, which was to originate, remodel, or improve some invention; then

slackening it again, or coming to an abrupt pause, as a difficulty occurred to him, as he struggled with some obstacle which he did not on the moment see how to surmount.

There the stately Somerset has walked by the side of his ill-starred royal guest, whilst they held friendly communion together, talking on religious or philosophic subjects or holding counsel on the affairs of state. There the flag waved in the breeze from the summit of the castle, and the body-guard presented arms as the monarch passed. There, too, Charles would walk alone, mourning over the distracted state of his kingdom, and, perhaps, over his own errors, and that want of strength and wisdom which had marked some passages in his career, and had originated results so fatal.

More weak than wicked, and still more the victim of others' sins, than of either his own weakness or errors; always intending well, but oftentimes misjudging; and, till his latest hour, never seeing clearly; lenient to others and severe upon himself, the unhappy Charles spent many an hour of self-reproach and penitence, and some of these—so tradition says—were passed upon the terraces of Raglan.

Quitting these pleasant promenades, we pass now to the other parts of the castle.

The walls of the citadel were defended by bastions, and, of course, perforated by loopholes. The grand entrance was a magnificent portal, with a massive pointed arch. On each side were two hexagonal towers, giving to the whole a stately and warlike show. These towers still stand, no longer flowing in martial strength, but mantled in ivy and tenanted by night-birds. The mailed knight passes there no more, but the goat, a native of the spot, goes and comes at pleasure. At some little distance is a third tower. Within this state entrance is the first court, on whose pavement, where once charged the hoofs of war-horses, or of hunters' steeds, the brier strays unchecked, and mingles with coarse rank grass, foxglove, and eglantine. There, too, the blue-eyed veronica just raises its modest head, and says, in the language of its own name, as if in memory of the dead and gone it bloomed there, "Forget-me-not." What lettered visitor, cognisant of the storied past, could, on such a spot, forget them? Within the court are the grand hall and the various ranges of apartments.

The state apartments were on the southern side. On the east and north were those devoted to domestic offices.

The hall, of much more recent date than the main portion of the castle, was built in the days of Elizabeth. It is, in consequence, less ruined than are some other portions of the

structure. Above the mantel-piece are seen in bold relief, though somewhat dilapidated by the injuries of weather and of time, the armorial bearings of the house of Somerset.

In the days of the gay Queen Bess, we may picture many a scene of revelry and carousal within that hall. Those were somewhat gross days, when, instead of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," which now usually grace the tables of aristocratic circles, it was considered good breeding to hold silence during the important and absorbing avocation of feeding; and that avocation over, jollity and buffoonery, not always the most refined, succeeded. And yet there was much of benevolence, and chivalry, and love of country, mingled with the rude coarseness of those times.

Beyond this hall of state, or banqueting hall, as it might be, there is another extensive court. It, also, is surrounded by ranges of apartments; and the mouldering tracery and fretwork there is still beautiful.

From a western door of the hall, a way leads to what was once the chapel, little of which now remains. It would appear that in the days of the first Marquis of Worcester, the Romish and Protestant services were alternately performed there. That noble was a convert to the Romish faith; his son, created by Charles, Earl of Glamorgan, and who has been already mentioned, was a zealous Papist.

In the inner court of which we have spoken, a fountain continually played; the buildings around it were very strong, and were those which mainly accommodated the garrison when the castle was keeping its character of a place of strength.

During the disastrous times of the civil wars, Monmouth was the last county which surrendered to the Parliament. The Monarch's stanch and trusty friend, the castellan of Raglan, kept it in allegiance and awe by an army of eight hundred men, whom he appointed and maintained at his own cost; this he did, besides lending to his sovereign munificent sums when the royal purse ran low, and the call for money was urgent.

When at length siege was laid in form to the castle, the Marquis saw himself compelled to drain his forces from their various hosts, in order to concentrate them within the walls of his fortress. Thus the open country became a prey to the besiegers.

Every part of the buildings of Raglan was in princely style. Down to the lowest offices, all were superb; and the appointments of the interior—of which no vestige remains—were, says tradition, corresponding in mag-

nificence to the hall which contained them. We learn that cloth of gold and tapestry, paintings, and gems adorned the walls ; whilst the floors were overstrewn with sweet herbs and fragrant flowers. We are permitted to imagine that they were removed before the dance commenced.

But whilst towers, buttresses, halls, and ranges of fair apartments rose in magnificence above the earth, beneath its surface were dungeons, which, in various days of that castle's history, have, doubtless, witnessed tales of cruelty and woe. The dungeons of Raglan, like those of some other castles of coterminous date, impress the beholder with horror, as he contemplates them in all their dismal gloom, and as he sees how utterly hopeless of escape would be the captive once immured ; for, from those subterraneous caverns no cries for mercy could reach the air, no sentinel could be gained, no passing jailer wrought to pity ; from their deep, dark, impure recesses, not the utmost exertion of the most powerful voice could reach the upper air. The victim was thrust down an inclined plane into the dungeon ; at its base this declivity was so steep, that no man could, unaided, make his ascent. There, then, he remained, breathing the heavy vapory air that hangs imprisoned in such a den, pouring out, perhaps, his cries to that Father of mercies from whom no hole of earth can hide his creature ; or, perhaps, if his spirit were unchastened from above, in the ravings of his frantic despair, cursing the so-called men who placed him there ; or, stupified by the excess of his grief, lost to reason and insane, waiting, in the most hopeless form of idiocy, the death which to one immured in tombs like these is seldom long delayed.

The sufferings and sorrows of a Silvio Pellico, a Maroncelli, a Count Audrayne, and other names, but to hear which draw thoughts of sympathetic pity, must have been light compared with those of the doomed captive of Raglan's dungeons, if no touch of remorse moved his inhuman jailer to save him whilst yet it was time.

Let us trust that, as awaiting death, he sent up his piteous plaint to heaven from the depths, some drops of consolation might be infused into his soul, and that, whilst totally removed from converse with his brother men, he might even then be favored with communion with the Father of Spirits.

But not in the days of the loyal subject and servant of Charles, I., the gallant Henry, first Marquis of Worcester, were similar horrors wrought.

The grounds around this baronial residence were laid out in the style of the times. The

gardens were such as the taste of the day pointed out as constituting supreme beauty ; and the richly fertile district beyond sumptuously supplied the granaries and batteries with home produce.

At a very late period in Charles's career, he paid a visit to Raglan. There he learned sundry heavy tidings, and bore them with that noble grace which goes far to palliate his faults and errors. His eyes were not then open to the true position of a King of England with respect to his people, or to his own position in particular. His ideas of royal rights were exaggerated to the end of his career ; but he had learned many lessons, and was daily learning more. This was after the battle of Naseby. The King felt himself secure, at least at Raglan, under the roof of the true-hearted Worcester. To his son, also, whom he had created Earl of Glamorgan, Charles was much attached ; and the unhappy issue of the real or supposed compact between him and the Earl, with regard to his Irish commission, or his Irish expedition, by no means disturbed the friendship.

The Marquis, on the occasion of this visit, received his royal guest with perhaps more than the state and form which he might have employed had Charles been in the usual circumstances of a King. In his adversity nothing should be wanting to prove the devotion and sympathy which animated his own spirit. He had indeed risked his life, his liberty, and his honors in his Sovereign's cause, and already had spent in it a vast portion of his fortune. On this present meeting the King thanked his subject for a considerable pecuniary loan. Somerset replied with magnanimity characteristic of himself :—

"Sire, I had your word for the money, but I never thought I should have been so soon repaid ; for now that I have your thanks, I have all I look for."

The weeks which followed were calm and placid, though saddened by ill tidings. The King daily spent hours in devotional exercises ; some time was given to recreation, bowls, or chess, that favorite game of Charles ; other hours the Monarch spent in converse with his hosts ; now religious—for Charles and the Marquis would discuss points of doctrine on which they differed—now philosophical, and now political. Then, again, Glamorgan would earnestly advise with him respecting his sundry "scantlings," would seek, almost passionately, to convince his Majesty, if he were incredulous ; or would enjoy to the full his triumph, when the royal listener entered into his idea and thought it feasible, or at least hopeful. He

would talk about the replenishment of empty coffers from the inventions with which his brain abounded, and about the parliamentary patents and acts which were to secure to him and to his heirs (devoting a certain portion to the Crown) the fruits of his own "scantlings" for a given period of time.

It is in one case certain, and it is highly probable in others, that the original idea of discoveries, of which we are now reaping the full benefit, arose in this rude, rough state, in the fertile brain of Glamorgan.

One of them which he at this time discussed with Charles, and from which he himself looked for great results, was a "stupendous water-work," which unquestionably embodied, just two centuries ago, the first notion of the steam engine. On this he built much, and not too much, as posterity has proved; though it was not given to him to digest and perfect his rough idea, or to realize its fruits. He not only talked with the King on these subjects, but he wrought various experiments to exemplify and prove them, in the royal presence. He had a notion of a moveable fortification, which was to have effected wonders in war, scarce inferior to those promised by Captain Warner; then, again, he had a proposition for a pistol or carabine, which, though it was not to execute the wholesale devastations of the steam-gun, was yet, by repeated discharges, to work havoc in hostile ranks. He had a theory for an ever-going watch—an idea welcomed by the King, who cordially loved mechanics. Glamorgan did not despise the useful. He could furnish a chandler with the key to the production of five hundred candles in one day by the agency of one pair of hands alone. In short, his inventive genius was widely discursive, and it embraced a range of notions, from the medium of holding intercourse with the inhabitants of the moon, (for in a lunar population he was a believer,) down to contrivances for the amusement of the leisure hours of a lady and child. He was assuredly a believer in the truth and power of his own discoveries, and was thankful to God for them and for his genius. In his remarkable book, dedicated to the gay Charles II., in which he enumerates and magnifies his "scantlings," he introduces that which he truly considered as the most important of them, with these words:—

"By Divine Providence and heavenly inspiration, this is my stupendous water-commanding engine, boundless for height and quantity."

The words, as applied to our completed steam-engine of two centuries later, hardly appear extravagant.

He and Bishop Wilkins had, at a date sub-

sequent to that of the first Charles, much contrivance and many thoughts respecting telegraphic communication, or a language that might consist only of tones and musical notes, without the agency of words, and which might be carried on at a distance.

During his stay at Raglan, Charles was accustomed to spend his Sabbaths apart from his hosts, and much alone, that he might the better give himself to devotion. He also, after he had retired to his chamber, and his night-lamp was trimmed, curtailed his sleeping hours by those of private prayer and study of the Scriptures. After he had left the castle halls, and his hosts, and Herbert, who was lodged in the antechamber, had paid his last visit, and the little page, who slept within his apartment, was deep in slumber, he would remain upon his knees sometimes till much of the night was spent. Like Alfred the Great, time was marked to him (at least it might) by indications in his night-light; though, more blessed than Alfred, his watch also was always near at hand.

The time came for him to leave Raglan; his accumulated personal woes and the ruin of the loyal Marquis quickly followed.

Already the greater number of the counties, towns, and strongholds of England had surrendered to the Parliamentary forces, or been conquered by them, when in the summer of 1646, Henry, Marquis of Worcester, found his castle invested by a corps of the Parliament army under the command of a leader whom Charles had formerly tried and pardoned. Charles had been recommended to bring Sir Trevor Williams to the block; he had shown the merey, and spared the life which Sir Trevor craved.

In June 1646 Colonel Morgan was commanded by his Parliament master to summon Raglan to surrender. It need scarcely be told that the summons was ineffectual. The gallant Castellan was not to be scared away by the first cry of the vulture that hovered about his towers; and the Parliament, understanding that they had a tough spirit to deal with, and advised of the strength of the fortress, sent Fairfax two months later to sit down before it with his host.

Having swept over England with his destructive host, razed many a tower of strength, and insured the transmission of his name to posterity, along with records of ruin, Fairfax went to Raglan as his crowning work. The reduction of the "Tower of Gwent," so Raglan was otherwise called, and the taming of the gallant Marquis, were deeds worthy to complete his trophies.

Chepstow, another possession of the Somersets, having several times passed from hand to hand,

now finally remained in those of the Parliament. It was held as the key of South Wales—Raglan must not still remain in the King's cause, a contradiction to Chepstow, an insult to other conquests. It is said that Fairfax had his misgivings as he planted himself before it; but be that as it may, assuredly he did his work resolutely.

Already it had been assailed by the cannon and the force of Colonel Morgan and Major General Langhorne; and after the taking of Oxford, Morgan had been reinforced by a body of two thousand men. He had then sent in a new summons to surrender, which was met by the brave but courteous and unprovoking answer, that the Marquis would rather choose (if it so pleased God) to die nobly than to live with infamy. Then came Fairfax himself and repeated the summons.

Now, the force before the castle was so great, and the hope of successful defence so faint, (if indeed such hope could be supposed to exist at all,) that the Marquis, driven to extremities, began to consider on what terms he might deliver up his castle. He wrote to Fairfax, reminded him of his own personal friendship with his (Fairfax's) noble grandfather, now long since dead; besought permission to communicate with the King, and concluded:—

"I have that high esteem of your worth, nobleness, and true judgment, that, knowing you will offer nothing ignoble or unworthy for me to do, as the case stands with me, I desire to know what conditions I may have, and I will return you present answer."

Fairfax replied in dry and haughty language, and in a tone which spoke his confidence that the castle was his, whether the Marquis might hold out for longer or for shorter time. Such, indeed, was the truth; the Royal cause was hopeless; Raglan must succumb before the mighty force which besieged it. Terms were offered, but Fairfax would not guarantee that the soldiery should be restrained from plunder; he would hear nothing of communication with the King; he was imperative in his demands, and dictatorial in his conditions. The terms and tone of his letter were little pleasing to the Marquis. He had small faith in either the honor or the mercies of the Parliament, and he hesitated to trust. Again, some of the officers of his garrison were averse to surrender. He paused, therefore, before he could determine how to reply to the haughty Republican who lorded it over him at his own gates. His sovereign, his family, his friends, his honor, his own prospective, houseless age, (for he had no other place left to which to retreat) his small remaining fortune, the bad faith of the Parliament, which had been displayed in several

cases, all presented arguments to his gallant mind, and resisted against the hard necessity which pressed upon him; meantime, from day to day the work of destruction was continued. The walls were battered, one tower fell upon another, and the arrogant foe lay little injured, and almost at ease, fattening upon the rich produce of the surrounding lands, consuming the Marquis' prospective revenues, and eating up his poor retainers' and tenants' live and farm stock.

At length, in despair, the Peer wrote again to the General. But his letter was not final; he neither accepted nor rejected the terms proposed, but hinted at the objections of his officers, and spoke clearly of his distrust of Parliament, pointing to cases which had too well warranted his doubt, as that of the Earl of Shrewsbury and others, wherein terms had been broken. He concluded by asking roundly, whether, in case of his surrender, he should be left to the mercy of parliament; intimating that if so, he would still hold out.

Fairfax replied, "What I grant I will undertake to be made good."

A few more days passed in indecision. Then the Marquis proposed a cessation of hostilities, whilst he should send commissioners to the General to treat with him. Fairfax consented to entertain Somerset's commissioners, and to grant a cessation of arms from ten in the morning till two in the afternoon, whilst they should come and go, and remain with him, though he haughtily intimated that he had "offered his terms."

Somerset was nettled, and sent his propositions without his commissioners; he resumed his dignity. Despair oftentimes regains the loftiness which was lost in part, so long as hope remained.

Fairfax at once refused the propositions, and repeated that he had offered his conditions, and he had no change to make in his terms, though if anything was obscure he would explain it.

Three or four days more elapsed before the Marquis could resolve. Then, as he looked upon his thinned garrison and battered ramparts, and considered his sovereign's case beyond hope or help, he yielded to his fate, and sent in his surrender.

A bitter day was that, when in warlike file, with martial music and flying colors (for so to the praise of Fairfax's generosity or sympathy, he had consented it should be) the armed and mounted garrison marched forth, vanquished and homeless, their cause ruined, and they, almost the last men who had stuck to it, compelled to yield; whilst only a few vain words stood between them and the vengeance of the

insolent and enraged Parliament, and its still more insolent armies.

By the side of the defeated Marquis rode his sixth son, Lord Charles Somerset (the only one of his children who was with him at the time,) with his friends Dr. Bayley, Sir Philip and Lady Jones, and Commissary Gwilt; then there were the officers of the garrison, a numerous body still, and about 700 fighting men.

The keys were given over to Fairfax, the colors lowered, the arms yielded up, and the Marquis and his train departed, under license to go to any place within ten miles of the garrison, which the General should determine.

Very shortly after this scene, the Peer was

taken under surveillance by the Parliament. Despoiled as he was, his was too brave and loyal a spirit to be at large. They placed him under the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod. His family motto seemed inscribed upon his brow, and in his conduct till the last—"I scorn to change or fear." Ruined and powerless, he was to his latest breath a faithful and loving subject of his King.

He suffered these great reverses with patience and even with cheerfulness, but he did not long survive them. He died a captive.

The ruined towers of Raglan stand a perpetual monument of the bitterness of civil war.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

For the Daguerreotype.

GUTZKOW'S WULLENWEBER.

Gutzkow, one of the most talented and popular writers of "Young Germany," has lately produced a drama, which has been favorably received, and which has for its subject a little-known but very important and interesting period of German history. With Jürgen Wullenweber, the first Lutheran Burgomaster of Lübeck, the old Hansa-capital reached the culminating point of her prosperity, and also its decline. The dictatorship of Wullenweber gave to Lübeck the supremacy of the North Sea and the Baltic; he was the head that planned, and Marcus Meier, the military commandant of the Hansa-town, the hand that executed. Lübeck made and deposed sovereigns in the Scandinavian kingdoms. The northern crowns appeared to be playthings for the little republic of burghers, and with their sympathy for the new doctrines of the Wittenburg Reformer their moral power, and their connection with the spirit of progress which was abroad in northern Europe, seemed to be established upon a firm basis. Jürgen Wullenweber was the consul who bestowed this greatness upon the little State. It was a remarkable age to which he belonged. A Gustavus Vasa, whose cradle had been the manger of a barn, ascends the throne of Sweden, while the last scion of the house of Sture, a tender youth, who seeks his happiness in domestic affections, is a poor and dispirited wanderer in distant countries. The throne of Denmark is empty, and the nobility seek some one to occupy the high post, and to be the organ of their will. They seek him in

the free town of Lübeck, in the person of Marcus Meier, the victorious commandant, who had formerly been a shoe-smith at Hamburg. A clique at Copenhagen, at the head of which stands the wife of the chancellor of State, strives to entrap the republican, while at the diet Wullenweber is defending the rights of Lübeck, in the presence of the deputies of two kingdoms, and of the emperor, with all the pride and determination of a free citizen, and as the champion of Lübeck throws down the gage of battle to the whole world. But the fortune of war now deserts him; his own policy mars the success of his plans. He makes the Count of Oldenburg, a relative of the deposed kings of Sweden and Denmark, commander of the forces of the republic, in order to give dignity to the cause of Lübeck. His plebeian friend, the whilome shoe-smith, Marcus Meier, thus thrown into the back ground, is nevertheless subsequently sent to the assistance of the count, but falls a sacrifice to Danish intrigues upon a desert island in the ocean, while the sun of Wullenweber's glory rapidly declines, as the destruction of his army is immediately followed by his own fall.

Faithlessly deserted by the men of the republic, deposed and flying, but still laboring for the restoration of his country, still striving to gain support for the cause of her liberty and honor, he is suddenly attacked by a body of cavalry, and carried before the bigoted Catholic Duke of Brunswick at Wolfenbüttel. Here the last act of Gutzkow's drama finds him;

and this, in an artistic point of view, is the best if not the only good one. Deeply interesting as is the subject, there are so many different actions going on throughout the whole piece, that the attention is wearied rather than aroused; but the final act, while it affords a striking picture of the state of society, and of the momentous questions at issue in those stirring times, arrests at the same time the imagination and engages all our sympathies in behalf of the magnani-

mous and unfortunate hero. The scene is laid in the castle of Wolfenbüttel. Wullenweber and his companions are in the dungeon; the champion of the burghers and of liberty of faith is deserted by his country; and a bitter curse is pronounced over Lübeck by the brave Count of Oldenburg, who in the disguise of a soldier, has gained entrance into the dungeon, in order to console his friend.

COLONEL DONIPHAN'S CAMPAIGN IN NEW MEXICO.

On the "Macedon and Monmouth" principle, the striking similarity of the names Doniphan and Xenophon have induced our transatlantic brethren of the pen to institute a curious comparison between the expedition and retreat of the famous "Ten Thousand" and the victorious march of the American brigade into New Mexico. We see little of similitude beyond that which suggested the comparison. Col. Doniphan's invasion and conquest of the vast countries of New Mexico and Chihuahua with a mere handful of raw volunteers, few of whom had ever before seen the fire from an enemy's lines, if not one of the most brilliant passages in recent military annals, is, however, a curious example of what a few determined men, with good *morale*, can effect against the most formidable obstacles and overwhelming superiority of numbers. The American writer calls upon Col. Doniphan to write an account of his campaign equal to that of his ancient rival; but pending the appearance of such a record, Mr. Frank S. Edwards volunteers the present. It is written with considerable spirit and ability—and with the graphic manner of an eye-witness and actor in what is described. The event itself has subsequently acquired a greater importance than it seemed to possess at the time; as it will be remembered that a vast portion of the countries traversed and conquered by the little band has now been ceded to the United States—and consequently this conquest will form in the after-history of the country one of its most important epochs.

Our readers will remember that at the close of the Texian war against Mexico, the Rio Grande, or Red River, was decided upon as the frontier of the two republics by the victorious General Houston; the northern boundary being pushed as far as the White Mountains, in order to obtain possession for Texas of the rich valley of Tuos—containing Santa Fé and other cities—centres of the vast commerce

carried on between Northern Mexico and the United States. But although the Texans asserted a right to this district, they have never been able to subdue and occupy it. However, when Texas joined the great Federal Union, it became a point or moment to substantiate this claim; and, as part of the system of military operations against Mexico, an army of volunteers was ordered to be raised in the nearest state, Missouri, and pushed across the intervening thousand miles of prairie to occupy Santa Fé and coöperate with the other division of the invading force. The regiment was soon raised. The military spirit which slumbers in the Saxon, even in times of profound tranquillity, was no sooner appealed to than it blazed up. Each volunteer found his own horse and equipments, except arms; and the band sallied out to face the desert and the rising masses of Indians who peopled it. Their sufferings in the wilderness for want of food and water, the excessive fatigue of the march, and the minor military operations, we must pass without notice. Mr. Edwards speaks with great contempt of the Mexican men, both as to their courage and their honesty—the women are rather more favorably estimated. After one of the battles—

"It was rumored that there were two Mexican women in the action serving at the cannon; and that a rifle ball striking one of them in the forehead, the other bore her off the field. I do not doubt it. The women have much more courage and even sense than the men."

Mexico is well known to be the most priest-ridden country in the world:—Spain, Belgium, and Portugal seem free from such domination by comparison with Mexico. The result of priestly omnipotence is seen in the corruption which the possession of absolute power always brings.

"The priest's house which I saw the inside of while on another visit to Albuquerque, is the

best *adobe* dwelling I observed in the country. The priests are high in position, and always rich; but in morals and character they are, with few exceptions, even below their followers. It is not unusual for them to have three or four wives, all living in the house with them, who, as well as the other people, manifest the most servile attention to them. It really used to make my blood boil to see these poor wretches come into the room where I might happen to be in conversation with the padre, and after kneeling down and kissing the hem of his garment, stand on one side, hat in hand, awaiting the moment when he might condescend to speak to them; while the rascal was trying, with all his skill, to cheat me in the bargain I was making with him; not scrupling to tell the most abominable falsehoods, if they became necessary to aid his plan. Even in the street, the people will frequently kneel and kiss his robe, as he passes them, while he manifests, outwardly, no knowledge of the salute, passing on as if he had attracted no notice."

An anecdote — which by no means, however, goes to the credit of the Americans, — is told by Mr. Edwards, still further illustrative of the mental condition of the masses in Mexico. —

"Our men, while at the grazing camp at Galisteo, were kept two days, accidentally, without their regular supplies of food; and, therefore, were obliged to forage upon the corn-fields around, especially as the inhabitants had previously refused to sell any to us; and it had also been our constant habit to boil a pot of maize each night just before going to sleep, and, sitting round the fire, to eat and talk. The surrounding corn-fields began to look rather unproductive, much to the astonishment of the natives; so, to remedy this, the figure of the Virgin Mary was carried around the fields, in solemn procession — solemn, perhaps, to the poor Mexicans, but by no means so to us. The figure, which was very fantastically dressed, was carried by a woman in the same manner as she would have carried a child, and over them was held an old red umbrella, the only one in the village, and reserved for great occasions like the present. At the head of the procession walked the priest, book in hand, sprinkling holy water on all sides, followed by two musicians with squeaking fiddles, and also by two men firing off continually a couple of old rusty fowling-pieces, to the great admiration of the young folks. After them came the figure; and the procession was closed by all the rest of the inhabitants. At every twenty or thirty steps they would all kneel down and pray audibly. We smoothed our faces as we best could, not wishing to be supposed to know anything about the maize just then."

Our readers will remember a circumstance similar to this told of the Dyaks of Borneo. We may observe that our volunteer does not care to mince matters about his countrymen:

he writes of their deeds and misdeeds with the frankness of a soldier. Thus, for example. —

"A poor Spaniard came to the colonel and complained that a soldier, standing by, had stolen his pig. The commander turned to the man and asked him whether this was true? The soldier replied 'Yes;' adding also, 'and pray, colonel, what are you going to do about it?' This blunt mode of response, mixed with question, rather puzzled Colonel Doniphan, who, after some hesitation, said, 'Well, I do n't know, unless I come and help you to eat it.' I am sadly afraid the complaining party got no redress."

These are somewhat lax notions of discipline — to say nothing at all about the morals. Our military men will probably smile at this. —

"While we were in this city, a Council of War was called. We had expected to have here met and joined General Wool; however, we had done our work without him. But what course were we now to take? for there was danger at all points! A few of the officers proposed staying in Chihuahua, others were for trying to join General Taylor, and some suggested a retrograde march to Santa Fé; most, however, were in favor of pressing home by way of Monterey. No ultimate decision was at that time had; but a short time afterwards, another council was held, and, at this time, most of the officers were for remaining in quarters. Doniphan heard them for some time, but with impatience, and at last, bringing his heavy fist down on the table, he gave the board to understand that they might possibly have found *fair* reasons for staying, 'but, gentlemen,' added the Colonel, 'I'm for going home to Sarah and the children.'"

We had marked for extract a description of the notable battle of Sacramento — but the demands upon our space forbid our giving it. We conclude with a passage suggestive of other thoughts. Remembering what a curse the presence of the Spaniard has been in America — how the entire history of his dominion on that continent has been traced in blood and fire — there does seem something like a fitting though a fearful retribution in such scenes as the following passage opens up. —

"The yard in which we were here quartered, had some years before been the scene of a massacre. The governor induced twenty of the chiefs of the Apache Indians to enter it, when they were murdered by soldiers who had been concealed in the buildings. The governor paid the penalty of his treacherous conduct; as he gave the order '*maten à los carajos!*' (kill the scoundrels!) a chief sprang forward, and stabbing him, cried out, '*Entonces moriras tu primero, Carajo!*' (then you shall die first, Carajo!) These Indian warriors died bravely, after killing several Mexicans. This tribe is the most powerful of all the Mexican Indians. It inhabits the range of mountains called the Sierra

des Mimbres, which separates the State of Sonora from those of El Paso and Chihuahua — and on each side of this range is its extensive foraging ground; the country further south being under the control of the Camanches. I do not think the Apache Indians are naturally brave; but having been long unopposed, they have become bold; so much so as to visit large cities amicably, and otherwise in small parties. The fact is, they so heartily despise the Mexicans that they say they would kill them all, were it not that they serve as herdsmen to them — meaning this, that they themselves neither hunt nor plant, and being of roving habits, they do not overburden themselves with cattle, preferring to descend from their mountain fastnesses and help themselves out of the first Mexican herd they come across — first killing the herdsmen, if possible. The latter have an instinctive dread of these Indians. The word *Apache* is enough to make a Mexican herdsman tremble, although he goes armed with a sabre, carbine and lance, and is always mounted. One thing which has principally served to make this tribe powerful, is the fact of one State frequently arming it against another. Some tribes of these Indians live entirely on mule and horse flesh, whilst others eat the prairie wolf, but there is no doubt they prefer fat cows and steers, frequently running off several thousand head at a time. If a quarrel arises on the foray about the ownership of an

animal, they kill the creature, leaving it where it falls, and, of course, the dispute with it. Their track can be traced by this frequent mark of a quarrel. The government of Chihuahua at one time set a price on every Apache scalp; it was, I believe, one hundred dollars for a man, fifty dollars for a squaw, and twenty-five dollars for a papoose. This plan was afterwards abandoned; and an Irishman, named James Kirker, was hired, at a high salary, to attempt the extermination of the tribe. This was rather an extensive operation, as they numbered about fifteen thousand. However, he, with a band of Americans and Mexicans, soon made the Apaches fear him. The Mexicans look upon him as almost superhuman; but I have heard from credible authority, that his bravery is rather lukewarm, and that his victories have always been achieved through cunning. He has never risked a fight, unless when his own party has greatly outnumbered the Indians, or when he could catch them asleep — and even then he himself prudently keeps in the background. He joined us the morning after the fight of Bracito, having given up hunting the Indians, in consequence of the government having forgotten to pay him."

In conclusion, we can recommend this little work as a spirited account of one of the most interesting episodes in recent history.

Athenæum.

EUROPE AGAIN IN DANGER.

The new revolution at Vienna will be felt in every part of Europe. It gravely modifies the whole view of Continental politics; and although we regard it on the whole with renewed hopes for the development of national energies and liberties, we cannot shut our eyes to the manifest dangers. Assuredly, the same statesmen of Europe will devise some General Congress to take counsel, or the crowned heads will finish the business of royalty without hope of redemption.

By exposing the utter feebleness of the Imperial Government, the flight of the Emperor casts loose the reins of government, leaving each province to rule itself; the empire is again dissolved into its elements, and Vienna ceases to be a great capital. The threats conveyed in the proclamation which the Emperor left behind him add spite to impotence. The intrigues of the anonymous statesmen by whom the Emperor was surrounded, which had played off party against party in Austria to deceive all, had set race against race in the provinces, had outraged the official usages and decencies of Vienna in issuing proclamations signed by

the lunatic hand of the Monarch and counter-signed by no Minister — the intrigues which had disgraced the Imperial Court, reducing it to the low character of scheming adventurers — which had done all this, and *failed* — have stamped the Imperial Government with a character of worthlessness that nothing could retrieve, even under the most triumphant restoration, except a change in the person of the Monarch and a thorough weeding of the Court.

But the fall will have its effect beyond the Austrian empire. In all Germany and Italy, the authority of Kings is newly shaken by the degradation of the royal class in the person of so great a potentate; a counterpoise, therefore, is removed from the agitation of the extreme demagogues, to the danger of true political development and freedom. In Berlin, the violent classes are gaining courage. The Sicilians will know that the Neapolitan Bourbon has a prop the less. France is already putting her "army of the Alps" on the move for action. The decency of Kingly authority has been betrayed by its impersonator at Vienna — has been trampled in the mud,

and hunted away in ignominious flight: but Kingly authority has been the type of settled order throughout the larger part of Europe, and the possible consequences of its decline are formidable: in many provinces, the portent means not Republicanism, nor Communism, but anarchy—a renewal of the dark ages when Rome had disappeared.

It is a mistake to talk of these popular outbursts in Europe as if they were the capricious excesses of a few individuals, wantonly wicked: they are the final explosion of causes long maturing; the immediate actors are themselves the sport of events; some of those now borne along by the torrent of revolution, have given, and still would give, all their sympathies to order. But there is no contending against such suicidal obstinacy as that which has possessed the Government at Vienna. Twice to be detected in attempting to cajole the people, the second time detected in more criminal conspiracies than before—twice to be defeated, twice to fly—is to shatter every hold on popular respect or traditional affection. A few

more such events might be fatal to Royalty throughout Europe; might force the statesmen, like those of France, to “adopt the Republic;” and by rendering the restoration of Monarchy impossible, might plunge the whole of the Continent in that sea of troubles from which France has no rescue—the tentative efforts to reconcile Republican fancies with the existing Monarchical framework of society, and to construct an enduring commonwealth while the speculative citizens are fighting over disputed theories and seeking the bubble conviction in the cannon’s mouth.

This is indeed a condition of affairs for the statesmen of Europe to ponder diligently, and on broader grounds than those of established precedent or diplomatic etiquette. There is no precedent for the emergency, there is no etiquette for such a hurricane; forms are blown to the winds; and no guide can lead out of the chaos but the unerring clue of truthful sincerity and hard-handed reality.

Spectator.

THE PROGRESS OF A BILL.

BY W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER VI. — THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

Mrs. Pursey had received the strictest injunctions from her husband to be careful—extremely careful—that there was nobody lurking close by when Ann opened the door. Her fears prompted obedience, and the servant was duly cautioned. Some days elapsed, however, ere the nervous housemaid espied any suspicious-looking persons in the neighborhood; and, on a nearer inspection, she one morning discovered that the man who had left the wine at her master’s, was the person in earnest conversation with the individual on whom she had kept her eye during the last few days. This discovery disarmed suspicion, and when she presently saw the two men approaching with a truck loaded with hampers of wine, she felt convinced that her fears were groundless.

“Well, Mary,” said old Solomon, “this is all right, ain’t it? This is Mr. Pursey’s.”

“Yes,” answered the girl.

“Here’s some wine he ordered of Mr. Moss.” And, without further ceremony, the old trickster, aided by his friend, invaded Mr. Pursey’s home; and, in less than ten minutes

afterwards, old Solomon was ensconced in Mrs. Pursey’s little parlor as

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

Mrs. Pursey was from home when this blight fell upon her household; and Old Solomon, to beguile the hours until her return, sought to ingratiate himself with the girl whom he had duped. But Ann was too frightened to listen to the “soft nothings” of this toothless Romeo.

“Well, my dear, what’s the use of taking the matter to heart, eh? There are plenty of places in the world. If that’s all, I’ll give you a character,” said old Solomon, by way of beginning.

“*You!*” answered the maid, scornfully; “I should think a character would be too precious a thing for *you* to give away. You look as though you were sadly in want of one yourself.”

“I, my chicken!” retorted the old man, with repulsive playfulness; “oh no, it does n’t want a character for my purfession.”

“Then you be just suited for your business, you ugly old wretch,” said the girl, pertly.

adding, in a deeply sorrowful tone, "What will missus say?"

"Why, she'll be deuced pleased to see me, o'course," continued the old sinner, chuckling. "Everybody's glad to see me. I say, my little Wenus—my rosy little angel—can't you give us summut to eat, eh? Just a tit-bit. You haven't such a thing as the back and wings of a cold fowl in the larder, have you?"

"No; and if I had, *you* should n't have it."

"Bless me, what a pity it is I an't a p'lice-man or a grenadier. If I was one or t'other, I might have had the run of the kitchen before this time. Ah! you're a cruel vixen, you are."

At this moment a double knock resounded through the house, and Ann, to her consternation, recognized it as that of her mistress.

"Is that your missus?" asked old Solomon, with stolid calmness.

"Yes; oh dear, dear me, won't she be in a way!" exclaimed the maid, in a terrible state of perplexity.

"Well, fetch down the smelling-bottle, and let her in. She can faint in the front parlor; it won't disturb me. I'm used to them little surprises."

"You're an unfeelin' old wretch," said Ann, as she went, not without trepidation, to let her mistress in.

"Please, mum," the girl commenced, tremblingly, "there's the man in the house who brought master's wine last time. He says he's come on a very different errand now, and won't go—not for some time. He's in the back parlor, mum."

"Ugh! you good-for-nothing creature!" said Mrs. Pursey, addressing the wretched maid. "This comes of your carelessness: a pretty business *you've* made of it."

"Please, mum"—

"Oh! don't talk to me. Go down to your work. Where is this man?"

"In the back parlor, mum."

Hereupon Mrs. Pursey went into her back parlor, when she discovered old Solomon at full length on the sofa, reading her husband's pet edition of Byron.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Pursey, advancing to the centre of the room, and assuming the most imposing attitude, "what is your business here?"

"Oh! you're the missus of this place, are you?" said the old man, slowly reassuming an erect position. "Well, now I look again, so you are. I thought I'd seen your face afore; *you* know, when I brought some wine from Moss's. I've come on a different errand now, ain't I?"

"No impertinence, sir; I ask you your business."

"At the suit of Mr. Moss, madam—Mr. Macfum's affair. Do you understand?"

"That will do. Your place is the kitchen, sir."

"I beg your pardon, mum; this is my place, and here I shall stay."

So saying, the veteran resumed his recumbent position on the sofa, and went on reading. Against such determined conduct as this there was no appeal, and Mrs. Pursey left the man in undisturbed possession of her usual sitting-room. As all Mr. Pursey's little necessities, which no housewives are without, and which they term their "things," were in the room which old Solomon had appropriated to himself, she had occasion to enter the apartment very often; and each time she was compelled to intrude upon the usurped piracy of Mr. Solomon, he had some taunt, some wounding remark ready upon his tongue. One time he told her that he admired her chairs, that he thought her choice of legs admirable; so admirable, in fact, that he had not made up his mind whether he should purchase them or not. Another time he volunteered his opinion of her husband's portrait, which hung above the mantle-piece, assuring her that it was wonderfully flattered. "Why, to begin, mum, if my memory does n't deceive me, your husband has a decided pug nose, has n't he?"

If, of all the shades of character which the large family of man presents to the observer, that of the old, hackneyed, brazen men in the employ of the sheriffs be not the most degraded, humanity is indeed capable of a degradation too horrible to contemplate. Have you watched those vicious specimens of your kind skulking about the lanes and alleys round about Chancery-lane? Have you seen them, old, halt men with some sixty years upon their heads, shuffling about the byways of the Law Courts, seeking eagerly for a job. True, the law must be vindicated—the creditor must have his due; but how is it, if law be the vindication of justice, that its humbler instruments are either picked from among a dissolute body, or debased in the pursuit of their calling? Old Solomon was, perhaps, the most hideous specimen of an old man—who, in the natural course of things, would probably be church-yard clay within four seasons—it is possible to conceive. Thus he was spent of strength; and with haggard leathern features and toothless gums, dedicating the short span that remained between him and a mystery to which his thoughts never turned, to that soulless trade in the shackles of which he had spent his manhood and hastened his decay. A man was never more enamored of his art than was old Solomon of his vocation. He recounted his exploits with the gusto and

the pride of a man who had performed extraordinary marvels for the good of his race: not that he was impressed with the majesty of the law; on the contrary, he was delighted with its intricacies, and the shelter it afforded to rogues learned in its byways. Under the healthful guidance of such a man as Mr. Moss, it must be at once understood that it was no difficult matter to become a sharp sheriff's man. One day helping to draw a victim into the net, and on the morrow sent by the sheriff to take care of the victim's property—such was the active life of old Solomon.

Mrs. Pursey lost no time in communicating to her husband the fact that an entrance had been effected in their house, and that the impudence of old Solomon was unbearable.

CHAPTER VII. — THE ACCEPTOR BECOMES AN INMATE OF THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

At Boulogne, Pursey found time hang very heavily. There was no lack of amusement in the place; and in the suburbs there were quiet, calm retreats, cradled in richest landscape—such as you may find at every turn in Kent. Peaceful, luxuriantly wooded nooks, and gurgling “translucent” streams—as poets love to call clear water—give to the Valley du Denacre the appearance of an English dell. It must be confessed that the chief adornment of Pursey's home has not been painted in the most flattering light hitherto: and the sagacious reader may picture Pursey at Boulogne revelling in the enjoyment of a temporary bachelorhood. Be it the province of the writer to set him right on this head, and in parenthesis to assure all bachelors and maidens, that a home must be truly and insufferable wretched ere the husband finds protracted happiness elsewhere. For the especial edification of women, then, I must declare my firm conviction, that Pursey (apart from the anxiety upon the matter which had compelled his temporary exile) felt acutely this separation from his strong-minded wife. As they were about to separate they had felt fully the extent of their dependence upon each other for their mutual happiness; and if separation from a beloved object have no other beneficial effect, it has at least that of measuring decisively the intensity of one's devotion.

If I could persuade myself that the long recital would prove a delectable composition to the reader, I might indulge in a right sentimental and flowery description of the emotions mirrored in Pursey's face as he turned his serious gaze towards England—not England the mighty mistress of nations to him then—but England that held the wedded mistress of his

heart. But I must forbear: the limits of my history, and the impatience of the reader, bid me take up the thread of my narrative.

Ten days after Pursey's arrival at Boulogne, the gay debtor-protecting town received Macfum into its hospitable bosom. The advent of his friend was wholly unexpected by Pursey, and was not, therefore, the less welcome.

“You have come to set me free, I hope?” said Pursey.

“Alas! no, my dear fellow. I am on my way to Paris in search of Lord Condiment or Sir George—they are both there.”

“I understood you to say that Lord Condiment was on a shooting excursion in the Highlands.”

“So he was; but he embarked in Lord Carton's yacht at Dumfries, and endured a tedious voyage to Antwerp, whence he proceeded to Paris. I only heard this when I was half way to the Highlands. It's a confounded nuisance—is n't it?”

“I can assure you Macfum, that this delay will compromise me fearfully.”

“By heavens! you do n't say so! My dear Pursey, I cannot express to you how I have cursed myself for having brought you into this trouble. Did ever man suffer such a series of mishaps as I have had lately? It's enough to make a man do something desperate.”

“We must make the best of matters, however, I suppose. Didn't you get the other bill cashed?”

“No. Hanged if there's faith enough in all the bill discounters in London to book a little nigger boy for heaven. Have you heard from your wife?”

“I hear every day.”

“That must be a source of great consolation to you, old fellow. Does she bear up against it pretty well? Of course, she feels your absence; but I mean, does she write in pretty good spirits?”

“Yes.”

At this moment a letter was put into Pursey's hand: it was from his wife, and bore to him the news of old Solomon's residence in his house, and the fellow's discourteous conduct to Mrs. Pursey. Macfum watched the change that passed over Pursey's features as the latter read the letter, and was prepared for his friend's anger. The preparation was not in vain, inasmuch as Pursey burst into a violent passion, and called Macfum the accursed cause of his utter ruin.

“This is a pleasant result of my willingness to oblige you, sir.”

“I can understand your anger, Pursey, and will not therefore hold you answerable for any disrespectful language you may have addressed

to me in the heat of your passion. I am fully alive to the misery I have brought upon you; and am deeply, profoundly grieved that all my efforts to ward off this calamity have failed as yet. But let me call to your recollection the fact that it is not playing the part of a generous man to taunt an innocent friend, (for I am innocent in intention) with the willful ruin of your prospects. I repeat again, emphatically, what your generosity should not allow me to repeat; namely, that no effort of mine shall be wanting to restore to you, in a few weeks, any loss you may sustain now on my behalf. Letters to the 'Poste restante' will reach me in Paris. Fare you well!"

And, without waiting for a reply, Macfum disappeared precipitately, leaving Pursey to indulge in no very bright hopes for the future.

Pursey at once resolved to return to England, at all hazards. At worst, he could but begin the world again. His furniture would realize the amount of the bill; and he might return to his old furnished lodgings a more wary, if not a wiser man. He could scarcely believe, even now, that he had been fascinated by an ingenious scoundrel, and had, as the saying goes, been done. He was still inclined to look upon the author of his ruin as an unfortunate gentleman whom he was bound to pity, and whose name he should exonerate from all blame in the matter. In this state of doubt he returned home, in the confident hope that as his goods (which were worth more than the sum distrained for) were in the possession of the sheriff, he, personally, was safe. Blissful delusion!

His wife was glad enough to see him once more at home; a happiness in which old Solomon by no means participated, particularly when he was informed by Pursey, that, if he did not behave himself while he was there, he would, in spite of his years, give him the soundest thrashing he had ever received. This hint was not thrown away upon the old man. It amused Solomon, however, to watch the confident air of security with which Pursey trod his parlor carpet. It was a delectable study to that man, versed in villainy, to note the unconcern with which the unsophisticated Pursey opened his door to receive the gentlemen who were to bear him to that exquisite retreat for "fast" men, called the Queen's Bench.

"You have my goods, which are worth more than the amount. What do you want — what claim, then, have you upon me?"

"You are mistaken, sir," replied the most gaudily dressed of the pair; "the appraiser says they ain't worth a farthin' more than seventy."

"The Jew! Why I paid one hundred and fifty pounds only last year for them!"

"Dare say, sir; but the law ain't answerable for the weakness of gents. 'Cos one gent doesn't know nothing about furniture, his fellows ain't compelled to share his ignorance. You see, it's all right," added the fellow, producing the document that gave him power to consign Pursey to the tender mercies of the governor of the Queen's Bench.

Hereupon Mrs. Pursey burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears, and clung to her husband, vowing that they should not be separated.

"No more you need n't. You can get snug quarters there together: can't they, Jem?"

"O' course they can — provided they've got the necessary needful," answered the second functionary.

"Now, mum, it's all nonsense crying in that manner; we'll take care on him, depend upon it. He shan't be run over, or lost in a crowd."

"Silence! fellow. Confine yourself to the strict fulfilment of your duty."

"Well, then, that is to see you safely lodged, you know where. So come along."

Pursey drew his wife aside, whispered some words of comfort to her; then unfolded himself from the arms that bound him to her heaving bosom, and followed his captors.

Having undergone the usual formalities, Pursey was at length lodged in the Queen's Bench Prison, with no very definite idea as to the probable length of his compulsory sojourn there. Having had a long interview with his lawyer, who assured him he should soon be set free, and written a letter to his employers containing a candid statement of his case, he began to look about him with some composure. He strolled into the racquet-ground, where he found a number of moustachioed men playing with some dexterity. He noticed that the seediest man of the party was the best player; and he naturally imagined that this skillful individual owed his dexterity and shabbiness to a long residence in the prison. This shabby person was a captain, of course. What man who wears a moustache and runs in debt is not? Well, this man was perhaps a scamp, a rogue, a heartless debauchee; but he was the life and soul of his fellow-prisoners, and deserves some consideration on this score. He had the most wonderful flow of humor: talked with indifference of his release; and when once he was set free, exclaimed in a parting speech to his fellow-prisoners, "Never mind; no fond regrets — no moist eyes. I shall soon be among you again." This jovial captain, perceiving with his practised eye that Pursey was a new comer, accosted him with, "Good day! Glad to meet you under such extremely favorable

auspices. Do you intend to make a long stay?"

"I hope not."

"Complimentary, truly. Gentlemen," continued the captain, raising his voice that all persons in the ground might hear him; "Gentlemen, here is a visitor who declares that he has come on a flying visit, and that he *hopes* soon to tear himself from us. He appears to be a jolly fellow, however, and we must humor him as a novice; for I feel convinced that he will remain to be worthy of the honor which the sheriff has this day conferred upon him; an honor which must be doubly gratifying to him, since I feel assured it was unsolicited."

This speech was received by the company with considerable applause; and Pursey, half-bewildered, yet somewhat annoyed at the liberty that had been taken with him, bowed his acknowledgments. The place was so utterly strange to him, that he was fearful of committing some blunder that would make him ridiculous in the eyes of his fellow-prisoners; and, taking the captain's conduct to be the custom of the prison, he resolved to make the best of it.

The limits of this history do not permit me to give the reader a narrative of Pursey's sojourn in the Queen's Bench. Sufficient is it for the moral which the reader is expected to gather from this progress, that Pursey remained in confinement about four months; and that during that time he had leisure to ponder over the means by which he had brought himself there; and to declare that he hoped that irretrievable beggary might come to him and his if he ever signed his name again upon a bill stamp. While in the Bench he also learned that Macfum *had* cashed the second bill, and that when he met him at Boulogne he was making his way to Paris with the money he had obtained on it. The discovery that the celebrated port was from the cellars of Mr. Moss, completely dispelled any doubt that yet remained in Pursey's mind; and when he next wrote to his solicitor, he had no hesitation in writing Mr. Julius Macfum down a scoundrel.

CHAPTER VIII. — THE CLIMAX OF THE DRAMA.

In due course of time Mr. Henry Pursey appeared at the Insolvent Court, and was opposed by Mr. Moss for £45, and by another Jew attorney for the value of the second bill cashed secretly by Mr. Macfum. Pursey was described as connected with a mercantile firm in the city, and in the receipt of £250 per annum.

Pursey's legal adviser submitted that his client was entitled to the protection of the

Court, inasmuch as he had been the victim of one of those adroit and highly-educated swindlers with which this metropolis unhappily abounded. As for the gentlemen who now opposed Mr. Pursey, the Commissioner knew them well enough, and would not therefore give much weight to their claims, which were certainly legal, but certainly not the result of fair dealing. They had made usurers' bargains, and deserved their loss. It was well known that there was a set of men ready to cash any bills, without regard to the means of the parties whose names were attached to those bills.

The Commissioner read Pursey a most wholesome lecture on the imprudence of which he had been guilty. There he was, a young man, stripped by his imprudence of all he possessed in the world, and, as he (the Commissioner) understood, deprived of his situation. What stared him in the face? At best, a hard and passionate struggle to keep the wolf from his door; whereas, had he listened to the dictates of prudence, and not been blinded by the condescensions and representations of a man who had been instrumental in sending more than one person to that court, he might have still been in the enjoyment of his modest but easy income, and have remained a happy man. As it was, he must begin the world anew — no cheerful prospect to a man on whom a family depended for their subsistence. His (Pursey's) legal adviser had thought proper to urge as a reason for the leniency of the Court towards him, that the individuals who had cashed his (Pursey's) bills were reckless usurers. In his opinion, this did not in any way influence the culpability, or, rather, the utter imprudence of his (Pursey's) conduct. He had put his name to a bill, knowing that he had not wherewithal to pay it, should it fall upon him. This constituted the imprudence (he would not apply a harsher epithet) of which he had been guilty. He would make no comment upon the acceptance of the second bill, inasmuch as herein he had become the dupe of an artful man; but he would earnestly counsel him, and, through him, others, to take a lesson from his present misfortune. He thought he had suffered and would suffer sufficient punishment for his imprudence, without his suspension of the Court, and he should therefore grant him the protection he sought.

It forms no part of this history to paint the struggles and the hardships that marked Pursey's new battle with the world. Perhaps, considering the amount of experience he gained by the calamity that felled, as with a lightning stroke, his early prospects, it was not

dearly purchased: for that experience is of large value which teaches us to make or mar friendships on certain foundations, and to recollect always, that, however willing we may be to serve a friend, we have no right to indulge this inclination, to the prejudice of those whose legitimate support we are. That man is esteemed generous who scatters his substance abroad; while he who, in a spirit of honesty to those who by blood and tie are dependent upon him, gathers and keeps his substance exclusively for them, is called either a close-fisted or a worldly man; but, in truth, he is the more generous of the two. The former is generally actuated as much by the praise of the world as by the goodness of his nature; while the latter is always impelled onward by motives of purest generosity. And if Pursey's experience of Macfum turned the tide of his better feelings to their proper channel, and convinced him of the truth of the sentiment which declares that true charity springs from a man's own hearth, and should be ever concentrated there, then, I say, he did not purchase his experience dearly. He endured (the fact must not be hidden) years of severest penury, ere he freed himself from the net in which Macfum had entangled him; but the spirit of youth, strong within him at the outset of his

struggle, carried him through the ordeal, and, though the cynic's sneer came upon his lip at times, his heart had lost little of its early, and, therefore, its best impulses. I say its early, and, therefore, its best impulses; because it is part of my human creed to believe that the heart of man *never* gains good feeling as it grows old — that a selfish, badly-disposed strippling never, whatever opportunities he may have, becomes a fine-spirited man; in short, that in youth are developed all the grander parts of our nature, and that knowledge of the world never betters the human heart, though it may expand the intellect and ripen the judgment.

I should distort human nature, therefore, (in my opinion,) were I to tell the reader that Pursey's experience developed any fresh feeling in his heart — that henceforth he was a better man. That it concentrated the goodness of his nature in its proper channel, I have already affirmed: and in this respect alone was it valuable to him. Being married, the result of his folly was presented to him daily, in the trouble and misery to which he had reduced his wife. And so Pursey became a prudent man, and cheated the crown of many three-and-sixpences by resolutely refusing ever after to Accept a Bill.—*Illustr. Lond. News.*

MOTHER AND SON.

FROM THE FRISIAN OF HANDRIC TZVELK.

I.

"Hie to the wood and seek thy sister,
Son for ever gay!
Hie to the wood, and tell thy sister
She bring home her mother's breast-knot,
Son for ever gay!"—

—"Wandering in the wood I missed her,
Golden mother grey!
In the wood I lost and missed her,
Where she bides I guess and guess not,
Golden mother grey!"

II.

—"Fare to the mill, and seek thy brother,
Son for ever gay!
Fetch him home to his mourning mother!
See! the eve grows dark and darker,
Son for ever gay!"—

—"Mother now he hath found another,
Golden mother grey!
Even the Holy Virgin Mother!
Stark as death he lies, none starker—
Golden mother grey!"—

III.

—"Hence! and find thy staffless father,
Son for ever gay!
Green herbs went he forth to gather,
'Mid the dews of morning early,
Son for ever gay!"—

—"Vainly might I seek my father,
Golden mother grey!
Heavenly herbs he now doth gather,
Where the dews shine brightly pearly,
Golden mother grey!"—

IV.

—"When shall I again behold them,
Son for ever gay?
When again shall I behold them?
Oh! when fold them to my bosom,
Son for ever gay?"—

—"To thy bosom shalt thou fold them,
Golden mother grey!
Thou shalt once again behold them
When the blighted tree shall blossom,
Golden mother grey!"—

V.

—"When shall blossom tree once blighted,
Son for ever gay?
When can blossom tree once blighted?
Blighted tree may nought and none raise,
Son for ever gay!"—

—"When the Morn shall first be lighted,
Golden mother grey!
When the Morn shall first be lighted
In the West by western sun-rays,
Golden mother grey!"—

VI.

—"When shall dawn that wondrous morning?
Son for ever gay!
When shall break that wondrous morning?
When be seen that western sunrise,
Son for ever gay?"—

—"When the Archangel's Trump gives warning
Golden mother grey!
When the JUDGMENT PEAL gives warning—
When the dead shall every one rise,
Golden mother grey!"—

Dublin University Magazine.

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH IN IRELAND.

In a paper, to which Mr. Wills' "Lives of Illustrious Irishmen" gave a title, in our last November number, we took a rapid review of the early history of this country, and the remarkable men connected with that history, concluding with Gerald, sixteenth and last earl of Desmond. Resuming the subject, we shall briefly advert to a few of the distinguished native chieftains of the same period. The Desmond Fitzgeralds are generally conceded the first place in power and preëminence among the Norman settlers, who established themselves in this country. The house of O'NEILL may justly claim the same station among the native inhabitants. From the earliest periods to which our records reach, they had possessed territories of immense extent in the north of Ireland; and would appear even beyond the limits of those extensive territories to have established their dominion, though not the right of property; exacting from the surrounding chieftains an acknowledgment of their supremacy. At first they had resisted, afterwards refused to acknowledge, the sovereignty of England: finally, after long resistance, they yielded an apparent submission, cherishing in secret the most inveterate enmity. Hugh O'Neill disturbed the reign of John with frequent insurrections. Con O'Neill, who married a sister of the eighth Earl of Kildare, Tirlagh O'Neill, and Art O'Neill, successively through the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. waged war with the lords deputies. Con Boccagh O'Neill first sought and received a confirmation of his title from the British government; he was made a knight, and for several years continued peaceable, and professed fidelity to the British connection: afterwards he joined in the rebellion of his kinsman Silken Thomas; and being thus once estranged from loyal influences, it became an object with

the enemies of King Henry VIII. and the Reformation, to gain his alliance. A letter was addressed to him by the Bishop of Metz and foreign cardinals, in these singular words:

"MY SON O'NIALL,—Thou and thy fathers were ever faithful to the mother Church of Rome. His holiness, Paul, the present Pope, and his council of holy fathers, have lately found an ancient prophecy of our St. Lazerianus, an Irish archbishop of Cashel. It saith, that the Church of Rome shall surely fall when the Catholic faith in Ireland is overthrown. Therefore, for the glory of the mother church, the honor of St. Peter, and your own security, suppress heresy, and oppose the enemies of his holiness. The council of cardinals have, therefore, thought it right to animate the people of the holy island in this sacred cause, being assured, that while the mother church hath sons like you, she shall not fall, but prevail for ever, in some degree at least in Britain. We commend your princely person to the protection of the Holy Trinity, of the Virgin, of St. Peter, St. Paul, and all the host of heaven. Amen."

Con for some years continued in hostility with various success; at last, wearied of efforts which led to no decisive result, he made terms with the Lord Deputy, surrendered his estates to King Henry—received from him the earldom of Tyrone, and a grant of the country of Tyrone. The patent limited the earldom to him for life, with remainder to his son Matthew. The legitimacy of this Matthew was denied, and another son, Shane O'Neill, assuming to be heir of the estate, by Irish law, though by the patent excluded from the title, engaged in war against Matthew, in his father's lifetime, and put him to death.

Thus commenced the career of John, better known by his Irish name of Shane O'Neill, the great leader of the disaffected in Ulster, during the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign,

and one of the most remarkable and dangerous of the chiefs who have at any time rebelled against the English supremacy.

Possessed of prodigious physical strength, he was able to endure any fatigue, and indulge in any excess. His mental abilities, naturally considerable, were little indebted to education; but he had those natural qualities which, when sharpened by exercise and intercourse with men and business, supply the defects of education, and conduct their possessor, if not with equal honor, often with greater success, through intricate affairs—quickness of apprehension, foresight, prudence, and the power of dissembling. Thus fitted for the stirring scene on which he was to act, he found the circumstances of the time and the temper of men's minds admirably adapted for his views of independence. The English language and laws had made little progress among the mass beyond the immediate neighborhood of Dublin. The Norman and native chiefs were equally unwilling to submit to any yoke, or to be guided by any rule except their own arbitrary wills. The lower classes rather existed than lived; barbarous, beyond any other district in Europe, in their habits, and utterly unenlightened by any knowledge or information whatever, more than was requisite to provide their miserable subsistence from day to day. The Reformation had been introduced within the English pale, and under the preaching of Browne, Archbishop of Dublin, and many of his clergy who embraced its doctrines, had made some progress in Dublin, and to such extent around it as the English language was spoken. Everywhere else the ignorance of the peasantry and clergy, and their natural hostility to any system that came from those masters against whose political predominance they were, however unsuccessfully, still pertinaciously struggling, opposed insurmountable obstacles to its dissemination. Erroneous views, prevalent at that period, and shared in by but too many of the best and ablest statesmen, of the duty of the state to proselytize, and use even force, if necessary, for the purpose, produced measures that were met by obstinate resistance; and the intrigues of foreign ecclesiastics, and the ambition of individual chieftains, perverted and inflamed the antipathies of religious discord.

Of these materials for civil war, Shane O'Neill took that advantage which might have been anticipated. While engaging in an extensive confederacy with the discontented in every part of the island, he had the prudence to veil his designs, and actually pass over to London to pay his homage to the queen. Thence returned, he continued steadily to

strengthen his own power, and awaited only the favorable moment to break into rebellion. At length he burst upon Armagh with flame and sword, and advanced southward as far as Dundalk. Receiving there a check, he returned home, only to meet new enemies in the neighboring chieftains, who had risen against him, and took advantage of his retreat to press him on every side. Abandoned by his old allies, conscious he had offended Elizabeth too deeply and too repeatedly to be again forgiven, he sought refuge with the Scots who had established themselves in Antrim, and whom he had, a few years previously, assailed with his whole force.

A drunken quarrel, eventuating in an armed conflict, between his followers and a party of the Scots, terminated at once his life and his intrigues. Piers, an English captain, who not improbably fomented the dissension, cut off the head of the deceased chieftain, and carried it to the Lord Deputy to Dublin. His headless trunk was buried near Cushendun, on the coast of Antrim; and tradition still points out the grave of the great Shane O'Neill!

On the death of Shane, there were two claimants for his power and position—Tyrlogh O'Neill, his uncle, and Hugh O'Neill, son of Matthew, who had been slain by Shane. Tyrlogh claimed to be *the* O'Neill, by virtue of the Irish laws, and also on account of the alleged illegitimacy of Matthew; Hugh derived his claims by the patent from the crown, which limited the estates and earldom, on the death of Con O'Neill, the first earl, to his son Matthew and his issue. Eventually the claims of Hugh prevailed.

Hugh O'Neill was bred in England; and his first occupation was in the queen's service, as captain of a troop in the war with Desmond. While engaged on that service, he is said to have attained a high reputation for military talent. He was at all times remarkable for dissimulation, whether natural, or acquired by the circumstances in which he was placed. To this, and to his conciliating address, and flattery used unsparingly and dexterously on a visit to Elizabeth, was due his being established in his ancestral possessions, with the reservation merely of two hundred and forty acres for an English garrison. The Irish parliament, at the same time, declared him entitled to the earldom of Tyrone, which had been granted to his grandfather.

Much controversy has taken place between historians respecting the origin and causes of the subsequent quarrel between O'Neill and the English government. Some lay the blame on him; others on the lord deputy; and Mr. Wills pretty equally on both. O'Neill, un-

questionably, had within the English pale a bitter enemy in Sir Henry Bagnall. He had carried off and married the sister of this knight, and, to enable him to do so, had divorced his own wife. And it is not unlikely that the conduct of O'Neill was subject to misrepresentation and suspicion, generated by the vindictive feelings of Bagnall. It seems, however, certain, that he was but too well inclined to seize on any excuse to shake off the yoke; and that, during all the period at which he made the loudest professions of fidelity to the government, he carried on secret communications of a very different tendency with the insurgent native and Anglo-Iibernian chiefs, and even with the king of Spain. Some of his insurrectionary tendencies were certainly due to O'Donnell, another northern chieftain, who had been seized by Sir John Perrott, under circumstances of disgraceful treachery, and who, escaping from imprisonment, fled to O'Neill, and infused into the north his own ardent and just indignation. O'Neill, indeed, wrote to the government that he would persuade O'Donnell to loyalty, and in case he were obstinate, serve against him in person; but it was ere long seen that the principles of his guest found from him a ready sympathy and support, not the less dangerous because disguised. Private orders were issued to Sir William Russell, the then deputy, if practicable, to seize O'Neill; and the language of the court became, in the words of Spencer — "O'Neill, though lifted by her Majesty out of the dust to that he hath now wrought himself unto, playeth like the frozen snake." Deeming boldness the best defence, he suddenly appeared in Dublin, confronted his accusers, intimidated the viceroy, and, before orders were received from England, or measures were sufficiently prepared at home to enable his arrest with safety, returned again to his own country, having, by his courageous conduct, disheartened his enemies, and infused new vigor into his allies and friends.

As soon as the queen received information of what had occurred, she expressed, in strong terms, her displeasure at the irresolution of the council, and the error they had committed in permitting so dangerous a person to escape; and perceiving that the daring of O'Neill gave but too sure indications of the strength he had acquired, and the preparations he was making, determined to check the growth of his influence, and anticipate the hostilities of the insurgent party, by establishing a chain of fortresses, well stored and garrisoned, across the North of Ireland. O'Neill and O'Donnell, foreseeing that were this once accom-

plished, their designs could never be realized, resolved, if possible, to prevent the measure being effected, and broke into open war. The former suddenly appeared, with a large force, on the Blackwater at Portmore, where an English fort curbed the surrounding district, stormed and seized the fort, expelled the garrison, and driving them before him, advanced through O'Reilly's country with unresisted success. O'Donnell simultaneously invaded Sligo, and devastated a vast extent of country with fire and sword, sparing no English adherent. The insurrection, with various incidents, and with considerable intervals of truce, continued for a lengthened period without any definite result. A victory of considerable importance was at length gained by O'Neill and the confederates near Clontibret, and subsequently another near Portmore, and lastly one attended with the loss of fifteen hundred English soldiers, and thirteen captains (among them Sir Henry Bagnall), near Armagh, called by some the battle of the Yellow-ford, and by others of the Blackwater.

Contemporaneous with this defeat, the flame of rebellion was kindled in the south by James Fitz Thomas, known as the Sutan Earl of Desmond; and the historians of the period describe the British authority as shaken to its foundation. "The general voice," says Moryson, "was of Tyrone amongst the English after the defeat of Blackwater, as of Hannibal among the Romans after the defeat of Cannæ." The queen, alarmed by the advancing success of the rebels, sent over her favorite, the Earl of Essex, with the largest and best appointed force ever sent to Ireland, numbering no less than twenty thousand foot, and two thousand horse. This nobleman, so eminent for valor, generosity, and all the accomplishments of his station, was by no means, in judgment and discretion, equal to his other attainments. Vain and ambitious, it was at all times easy for designing persons to impose on his open-hearted nature, and make use of his popular talents to accomplish their own ends. We have stated that the rebellion had broken out in the South, as well as in Ulster; and it happened that the estates of the nobles and council in Dublin lay there. They, therefore, diverted the attention of Essex to that quarter, and induced him to lead his forces where, though predatory incursions, injurious, no doubt, to their properties, were to be apprehended, no constant, or really dangerous revolt, was likely to continue. O'Neill, the true source of the danger, left unmolested, increased in strength and audacity: the English forces were weakened and diminished in number by disease, and by

being divided into garrisons; and at length Essex consented to a conference with O'Neill, in which that wily chief appears to have dazzled and deceived the romantic spirit of the earl. The conference took place at the ford of Ballylinch, O'Neill riding into the water to his saddle — Essex remaining on horseback on the bank. It was at this conference Essex is said to have made the well-known reply, in answer to O'Neill's assertion of grievances on the score of religion — "Hang thee, thou carest as much about religion as my horse!"

The correspondence at this time between Elizabeth and Essex is preserved, and is too characteristic of the time to be omitted: —

"TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

"When this shall come to your majesties hands, I know not; but whensoever it hath that honour, give it leave (I humbly beseech your majesty) to tell you, that having now passed through the provinces of Leinster and Munster, and been upon the frontire of Connaught (where the governour and the chiefe of the province were with me), I dare begin to give your majesty some advertisement of the state of this kingdome, not as before by heare-say, but as I beheld it with mine owne eyes. The people in general have able bodies by nature, and have gotten by custome ready use of arms, and by their late successes boldnes to fight with your majesties troopes. In their pride they value no man but themselves, in their affections they love nothing but idlenesse and licentiousnesse, in their rebellion they have no other end but to shake off the yoke of obedience to your majesty, and to root out all remembrance of the English nation in this kingdome. I say this of the people in generall; for I find not onely the greater part thus affected, but it is a generall quarrell of the Irish, and they who do not professe it, are either so few or so false, that there is no accompt to be made of them. The Irish nobility and lords of countreys, doe not onely in their hearts affect this plausible quarrell, and are divided from us in religion, but have an especiall quarrell to the English government, because it limitteth and tieth them, who ever have been and ever would be as absolute tyrants as any are under the sunne. The townes being inhabited by men of the same religion and birth as the rest, are so carried away with the love of gain, that for it, they will furnish the rebels with all things that may arme them, or inable them against the state or against themselves. The wealth of the kingdome, which consisteth in cattle, oate-meale, and other victuals, is almost all in the rebels' hands, who in every province till my comming have been masters of the field. The expectation of all these rebels is very present, and very confident that Spaine will either so invade your majesty that you shall have no leisure to prosecute them here, or so succour them that they will get most of the townes into their hands, ere your majesty shall relieve or reinforce your army; so that now if your majesty resolve to

subdue these rebels by force, they are so many, and so framed to be souldiers, that the warre of force will be great, costly, and long. If your majesty will seeke to breake them by factions among themselves, they are so courteous and mercenary and must be purchased, and their jesuits and practising priests must be hunted out and taken from them, which now doe sodder them so fast and so close together. If your majesty will have a strong party in the Irish nobility, and make use of them, you must hide from them all purpose of establishing English government till the strength of the Irish be so broken, that they shall see no safety but in your majesties protection. If your majesty will be assured of the possession of your townes, and keep them from supplying the wants of the rebels, you must have garrisons brought into them, able to command them, and make it a capital offence for any merchant in Ireland to trade with the rebels, or buy or sell any armes or munition whatsoever. For your good subjects may have for their money out of your majesties store, that which shall be appointed by order, and may serve for their necessary defence; whereas if once they be tradable, the rebels will give such extreme and excessive prices, that they will never be kept from them. If your majesty will secure this your realme from the danger of invasion, as soone as those which direct and manage your majesties intelligences give notice of the preparations and readinesse of the enemy, you must be as well armed and provided for your defence; which provision consists in having forces upon the coast inrolled and trained; in having magazines of victuall in your majesties west and north-west parts ready to be transported; and in having ships both of warre and transportation, which may carry and waft them both upon the first allarum of a discent. The enrolling and training of your subjects, is no charge to your majesties owne cofers; the providing of magazines will never be any losse, for in using them you may save a kingdome, and if you use them not you may have your old store sold (and if it be well handled) to your majesties profit. The arming of your majesties ships, when you heare your enemy armes to the sea, is agreeable to your owne provident and princely courses, and to the pollicy of all princes and states of the world. But to return to Ireland againe, as I have showed your majesty the dangers and disadvantages, which your servants and ministers here shall and doe meet withall, in this great work of redeeming this kingdome; so I will now (as well as I can) represent to your majesty your strength and advantages. First, these rebels are neither able to force any walled towne, castle, or house of strength, nor to keepe any that they get, so that while your majesty keeps your army in strength and vigor, you are undoubtedly mistresse of all townes and holds whatsoever; by which means (if your majesty have good ministers) all the wealth of the land shall be drawn into the hands of your subjects; your soldiers in the winter shall be easily lodged, and readily supplied of any wants, and we that command your majesties forces may make the

warre offensive and defensive, may fight and be in safety as occasion is offered. Secondly, your majesties horsemen are so incomparably better than the rebels, and their foot are so unwilling to fight in battle or grope (howsoever they may be desirous to skirmish and fight loose), that your majesty may be alwaies mistresse of the champion countries, which are the best parts of this kingdome. Thirdly, your majesty victualing your army out of England, and with your garrisons burning and spoiling the country in all places, shall starve the rebel in one year, because no place else can supply them. Fourthly, since no warre can be made without munition, and this munition rebell cannot have but from Spaine, Scotland, or your owne townes here, if your majesty will still continue your ships and pinaces upon the coast, and be pleased to send a printed proclamation, that upon paine of death, no merchant, townes-man, or other subject, doe trafficke with the rebell, or buy or sell in any sort munition or armes, I doubt not, but in a short time I shall make them bankrout of their old store, and I hope our seamen will keepe them from receiving any new. Fifthly, your majesty hath a rich store of gallant colonels, captains, and gentlemen of quality, whose example and execution is of more use than all the rest of your troopes. Whereas, the men of best qualitie among the rebels, which are their leaders and their horsemen, dare never put themselves to any hazard, but send their kerne and their hirelings to fight with your majesties troopes; so that although their common soldiers are too hard for our new men, yet are they not able to stand before such gallant men as will charge them. Sixthly, your majesties commanders being advised and exercised, know all advantages, and by the strength of their order, will in all great fights beate the rebels; for they neither march, nor lodge, nor fight in order, but onely by the benefit of their footmanship, can come on and go off at their pleasure, which makes them attend a whole day, still skirmishing, and never engaging themselves; so that it hath been ever the fault and weaknesse of your majesties leaders, wheresoever you have received any blow, for the rebels doe but watch and attend upon all grosse oversights.

Now, if it please your majesty to compare your advantages and disadvantages together, you shall finde, that though these rebels are more in number than your majesties army, and have (though I doe unwillingly confesse it) better bodies and perfecter use of their armes, than those men which your majesty sends over, yet your majesty, commanding the walled townes, holdes, and champion countries, and having a brave nobility and gentry, a better discipline, and stronger order than they, and such meanes to keepe from them the maintenance of their life, and to waste the countrey which should nourish them, your majestie may promise yourselfe that this action will (in the end) be successful, though costly, and that your victorie will be certaine, though many of us your honest servants must sacrifice ourselves in the quarrell, and that this kingdome will be reduced, though

it will ask (besides cost) a great deale of care, industry, and time. But why doe I talke of victorie, or of successe? Is it not knowne that from England I receive nothing but discomforts and soules wounds? Is it not spoken in the army that your majesties favour is diverted from me, and that already you doe boad ill both to me and it? Is it not beleevd by the rebels, that those whom you favour most doe more hate me out of faction, than out of dutie or conscience? Is it not lamented of your majesties faithfullst subjects both there and here, that a Cobham, or a Raleigh (I will forbear others for their places' sake) should have such credit and favour with your majesty, when they wish the ill successe of your majesties most important action, the decay of your greatest strength, and the destruction of your faithfullst servants. Yes, yes, I see both my owne destiny, and your majesties decree, and doe willingly imbrace the one, and obey the other. Let me honestly and zealously end a wearisome life, let others live in deceitful and inconsistent pleasure; let me beare the brunt and die meritoriously, let others achieve and finish the worke, and live to erect trophies. But my prayer shall be, that when my soveraigne looseth me, her army may not loose courage, or this kingdome want phisicke, or her dearest selfe misse Essex, and then I can never goe in a better time, nor in a fairer way. Till then, I protest before God and his angels, that I am a true votarie, that is sequestered from all things but my duty and my charge: I performe the uttermost of my bodies, mindes, and fortunes abilitie, and more should, but that a constant care and labour agrees not with my inconsistent health, in an unwholesome and uncertain clymate. This is the hand of him that did live your dear-set and your majesties faithfullst servant,

"ESSEX."

"ELIZABETH REGINA—BY THE QUEEN.

"Right trusty and right well beloved cosen and counsellor, and trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. Having sufficiently declared unto you before this time, how little the manner of your proceedings hath answered either our direction or the world's expectation; and finding now by your letters by Cuffe, a course more strange, if stranger may be, we are doubtful what to prescribe you at any time, or what to build upon by your owne writings to us in any thing. For we have clearly discerned, of late, that you have ever to this hower possessed us with expectations that you would proceede as we directed you; but your actions show alwaies the contrary, though carried in such sort as you were sure we had no time to countermand them.

"Before your departure no man's counsell was held sound which perswaded not presently the maine prosecution in Ulster—all was nothing without that, and nothing was too much for that. This drew on the sudden transportation of so many thousands to be carried over with you, as when you arrived we were charged with more than the liste, or which wee resolved to the number of three hundred horse; also the thousand which were onely to be in pay during

the service in Ulster, have been put in charge ever since the first journey. The pretence of which voyage appeareth by your letters, was to doe some present service in the interim, whilst the season grew more commodious for the maine prosecution, for the which purpose you did importune, with great earnestness, that all manner of provisions might be hastened to Dublin against your return.

“Of this resolution to deferre your going into Ulster, you may well thinke that we would have made you stay, if you had given us more time, or if we could have imagined by the contents of your own writings that you would have spent nine weeks abroad. At your returne, when a third part of July was past, and that you had understood our mislike of your former course, and making your excuse of undertaking it onely in respect of your conformitie to the counsell's opinion, with great protestations of haste into the north, we received another letter of new reasons to suspend that journey yet a while, and to draw the army into Ophalia; the fruit whereof was no other at your coming home, but more relations of further miseries of your army, and greater difficulties to performe the Ulster warre. Then followed from you and the counsell a new demand of two thousand men, to which if we would assent, you would speedily undertake what we had so often commanded. When that was granted, and your going onward promised by divers letters, we received by this bearer now fresh advertisement, that all you can doe is to goe to the frontier, and that you have provided onely for twentie daies' victuals. In which kind of proceeding wee must deale plainly with you and that counsell, that it were more proper for them to leave troubling themselves with instructing us, by what rules our power and their obedience are limited, and to bethinke them if the courses have bin onely derived from their counsells, how to answer this part of theirs, to traine us into a new expence for one end, and to employ it upon another; to which wee could never have assented, if wee could have suspected it would have been undertaken before we heard it was in action. And therefore wee doe wonder how it can be answered, seeing your attempt is not in the capitall traytor's countrey, that you have increased our list. But it is true, as wee have often said, that wee are drawne on to expence by little and little, and by protestations of great resolutions in generalities, till they come to particular execution: of all which courses, whosoever shall examine any of the arguments used for excuse, shall finde, that your owne proceedings beget the difficulties, and that no just causes doe breed the alteration. If lack of numbers, if sicknesse of the army, be the causes, why was not the action undertaken when the army was in a better state? If winters approach, why were the summer months of July and August lost? If the spring was too severe, and the summer that followed otherwise spent—if the harvest that succeeded was so neglected, as nothing hath beene done, then surely must we conclude that none of the foure quarters of the yeere will be in season for

you and that counsell to agree of Tyrone's prosecution, for which all our charge was intended. Further, we require you to consider whether we have not great cause to thinke that the purpose is not to end the warre, when yourself have so often told us, that all the petty undertakings in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, are but loss of time, consumption of treasure, and waste of our people, until Tyrone himself be first beaten, on whom the rest depend. Doe you not see that he maketh the warre with us in all parts by his ministers seconding all places where any attempts be offered? Who doth not see, that if this course be continued, the warres are like to spend us and our kingdome beyond all moderation, as well as the report of the successes in all parts hath blemished our honor, and encouraged others to no small proportion. We know you cannot so much fayle in judgment as not to understand that all the world seeth how time is dallied, though you think the allowance of that counsell, whose subscriptions are your echoes, should serve and satisfie us. How would you have derided any man else that should have followed your steps? How often have you told us, that others which preceded you had no intent to end the warre? How often have you resolved us, that untill Loughfoyle and Ballishannin were planted, there could be no hope of doing service upon the capitall rebels? We must, therefore, let you know, that as it cannot be ignorance, so it cannot be want of meanes, for you had your asking—you had choice of times—you had power and authority more ample, than ever any had, or ever shall have. It may well be judged with how little contentment wee search out this and other errors; for who doth willingly seeke for that which they are so loth to find—but how should that be hidden which is so palpable? And, therefore, to leave that which is past, and that you may prepare to remedy matters of weight hereafter, rather than to fill your papers with many impertinent arguments, being in your generall letters, savouring still, in many points, of humours that concerne the private of you our lord-lieutenant, wee doe tell you plainly, that are of that counsell, that we wonder at your indiscretion, to subscribe to letters which concerne our publike service when they are mixed with any man's private, and directed to our counsell table, which is not to handle things of small importance.

“To conclude, if you will say though the army be in list twentie thousand, that you have them not, we answer then to our treasurer, that we are ill served; and that there need not so frequent demands of full pay. If you will say the muster-master is to blame, we much muse then why he is not punished, though say we might to you our generall, that all defects by ministers, yea, though in never so remote garrisons, have been affirmed to us, to deserve to be imputed to the want of care of the generall. For the small proportion you say you carry with you of three thousand five hundred foot, when lately we augmented you two thousand more, it is to us past comprehension, except it be that you have left still too great numbers in unnecessary garrisons,

which doe increase our charge, and diminish your army, which we command you to reform, especially since you, by your continual reports of the state of every province, describe them all to be in worse condition than ever they were before you set foote in that kingdome. So that whosoever shall write the story of this yeere's action, must say that we were at great charges to hazard our kingdome, and you have taken great paines to prepare for many purposes which perish without understanding. And therefore, because we see now by your own words, that the hope is spent of this yeere's service upon Tyrone and O'Donnell, we doe command you and our counsell to fall into present deliberation, and thereupon to send us over in writing a true declaration of the state to which you have brought our kingdome, and what be the effects which this journey hath produced, and why these garrisons which you will plant farre within the land in Brenny and Monaghan, as others, whereof we have written, shall have the same difficulties.

"Secondly, we looke to hear from you and them jointly, how you think the remainder of this year shall be employed; in what kind of warre, and where, and in what numbers; which being done, and sent us hither in writing with all expedition, you shall then understand our pleasure in all things fit for our service; until which time we command you to be very careful to meet with all inconveniences that may arise in that kingdome where the ill-affected will grow insolent upon our ill successe, and our good subjects grow desperate when they see the best of our preserving them.

"We have scene a writing, in forme of a cartel, full of challenges that are impertinent, and of comparisons that are needless, such as hath not been before this time presented to a state, except it be done now to terrify all men from censuring your proceedings. Had it not bin enough to have sent us the testimony of the counsell, but that you must call so many of those that are of slender experience, and none of our counsell to such a form of subscription. Surely howsoever you may have warranted them, wee doubt not but to let them know what belongs to us, to you, and to themselves. And thus expecting your answer wee ende, at our manor of Nonsuch, the fourteenth of September, in the one-and-fortieth yeere of our raigne, 1559."*

The Queen's anger being thus displayed, and the difficulties of the Irish government increasing, Essex resigned and returned to England, there to meet the tragic termination of his eventful career, known to every reader of history.

Essex was succeeded by Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, one of the ablest commanders of the reign of Elizabeth, and, as events afterwards proved, not less able in the council. O'Neill, during the interregnum that followed Essex's return, had strengthened himself by alliance

with the Spaniards, and had largely increased, and effectively disciplined his forces. He was abundantly supplied with money from Spain, and the zeal and confidence of himself and his followers were elevated by the favor of the Pope, who had sent a phoenix-plume to him, as the champion of the faith.

To record the various incidents of the struggle which ensued, would occupy a greater space than we can afford: suffice it to say, that for two years it continued; and that, notwithstanding Spanish aid, to the number of four thousand men, the conduct, valor and perseverance of Mountjoy, were eventually rewarded by the complete defeat of the Irish at Kinsale, the capitulation of the Spaniards, and the complete subjugation of the whole island. O'Neill himself, the last to yield, at length submitted—renounced the name and privileges of an Irish chieftain—accepted from the crown a new grant by letters patent of a part of his old territories—and allowed the county of Tyrone to become "shire-ground," in which English judges, and sheriffs, and juries, might thenceforth administer and execute justice.

The Queen died almost immediately after the treaty with O'Neill: it was confirmed by James, and, for a short time, O'Neill lived in apparent cordiality with the English government. Rumors, then, began again to spread of northern rebellion; stories were whispered that the veteran chief would not be inactive; and the privy councillors in Dublin were deliberating on striking some decisive blow, to crush the disaffection spreading through Ulster. In the midst of their discussions and preparations, O'Neill and Roderick O'Donnell, Lord of Tyrconnell, both fled to the Continent, whether to seek foreign aid, or to escape the malice of their enemies, is not very clearly ascertained. Be this as it may, from the Continent they never returned, and the future destiny of O'Neill is involved in uncertainty. The more generally received account represents him as dying in Rome, at the age of eighty, and assigns to the same place the graves of his two sons, and of O'Donnell.

Of the same era with the chieftain whose fortunes we have just recorded, united to him by sympathy of sentiment, and the companion of the most important portion of his career, was Hugh Roe O'Donnell. The house of O'Donnell was only less celebrated and powerful than that of O'Neill. Hugh was the eldest son of Sir Hugh O'Donnell, chief of Tirconnell, and succeeding early to an inheritance of vast power and extent, it became an object to every party to secure his adhesion. His fosterage, that strange custom of the Irish, which, separating the child from the

* Willis' "Lives of Illustrious Irishmen," vol. ii., pp. 119—127.

parent, entrusted the direction of the first years to a stranger, had been passed with Cahir O'Dogherty, a chief connected with O'Neill. Knowing the position this youth would fill, and hearing fresh stories every day of his youthful popularity, Sir John Perrott and his council formed a design, as infamous and as extraordinary as any in history, to seize him while yet a lad; and a ship laden with sack, of which the Irish were extravagantly fond, was sent to Lough Swilly. Thither flocked the neighboring chiefs and people, and among these Hugh. Unsuspecting any design, he and his friends went on board; were at once seized; the vessel stood out to sea, reached Dublin, and delivered Hugh to the council. He was thrown into a dungeon, and for three years held fast in prison. At length, in company with Henry and Art O'Neill, sons of Shane, who had also, on another occasion, been seized, he escaped from his jailers, eluded their pursuit, and, after three days of unparalleled suffering from the most inclement weather, during which Art O'Neill perished, arrived with scarcely life remaining, at Glendalough, the fastness of the O'Byrnes, then in alliance with O'Neill. By their aid, and under the guidance of a confidential servant of O'Neill, he contrived to elude the vigilance of the English garrisons, and crossing the Liffey at a ford above Dublin, passed through Meath and Louth, and so on to Dungannon, where Hugh O'Neill himself, in person, received him.

To relate the career of O'Donnell, down to the period of the defeat of the Spaniards, at Kinsale, were but to repeat the story of O'Neill. After that fatal blow to the rebel struggle, he appears to have abandoned the hope of prolonging the contest with such troops as he and O'Neill could then bring into the field: and, accordingly, he embarked with Don Juan and the Spaniards for Spain. He was kindly received by Philip, and promised ample assistance of men and money; but, after waiting nine months at Corunna, in expectation that the king would fulfil his promise, his impatient spirit could rest no longer, and he started for Valladolid, where the King then was. On the journey, he was seized with a fever, of which he died, the 10th of September, 1602, at the early age of twenty-nine years, leaving behind him a reputation for valor, military talent, and political foresight, second only to O'Neill — and for independence, disinterested and straightforward truthfulness of conduct, incomparably the first of his countrymen.

Of the queen's captains opposed to these chiefs, the most celebrated, and the most successful, was Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy.

To the energy, prudence, military skill, and determination of character of this general, more than to any other cause, the complete extension of the dominion of England over this island may be ascribed. He was of noble birth, being the second son of Lord Mountjoy; was originally intended for the bar; and had studied at Oxford, with the highest distinction. A singular instance of his early aspiring and self-confidence is narrated by Moryson: "While yet a child, his parents having had his picture taken, he insisted on being drawn with a trowel in his hand, and the motto, '*Ad re-edificandam antiquam domum.*'" In 1594, his elder brother died, and he succeeded to an inheritance, embarrassed by the folly of three generations. His grandfather had accompanied Henry VIII. to the field of Cloth of Gold, and shared in all the extravagance of his reign; whatever property survived his expenditure had been either lost by the neglect of a father, who, indulging the expensive dreams of alchemy, had no leisure to bestow on the ordinary affairs of life, — or dissipated by the profligate career of a brother, who, in a few years, effectually ran through his life and his means. Aspiring, taught in the discipline of adverse fortune, self-denial, and study, Lord Mountjoy became the architect of his own greatness. In his domestic affairs unhappy — for his ardent attachment to the daughter of Essex had been rejected by her father, and the lady coerced to marry Lord Rich — his whole mind was bent on action. Sparing in his confidence, reserved, self-relying and self-possessed, slow of anger, and determined in his purpose, he steered his way successfully through the currents of faction and intrigue, and over the obstacles of a narrow fortune, and unprosperous circumstances; and having at length obtained in Ireland an adequate field for the exercise of his great qualities, acquired an eminence of fame and station, inferior to no general or statesman of the age. James, among whose faults illiberality in rewarding those who served him cannot be reckoned, created him Earl of Devonshire, and bestowed on him a considerable grant of lands.

After his return from Ireland, he, unfortunately for his own fame and her honor, met Lady Rich, the object of his early affection. Her divorce from Lord Rich ensued, and was followed by her marriage with Mountjoy. Their youthful attachment, the unjustifiable cruelty of Lord Essex in serving them, and, if we credit the annalists, much to condemn in Lord Rich's own conduct, unquestionably soften the culpability of this error, but cannot wholly excuse it, or remove the shade it throws on Mountjoy's character and reputation — a

character and reputation otherwise of unblemished lustre.

On the stormy period of which we have treated, only one name of those connected in any degree with Ireland, sheds the soft and humanizing light of literature—the name of Spenser. At Kilcoleman in the county of Cork, his great poem was penned; and from the beautiful country which surrounded his dwelling he derived no little of its scenery. It was there, too, that Raleigh paid him that visit, which has been celebrated in his own immortal verse, where the earlier books of the “Faëry Queen” were read, and the praises of his guest stimulated its completion. That meeting would, indeed, be a scene and subject for Mr. Landor’s next imaginary conversation. The two worlds of reality and of imagination,

of action and of contemplation, rise in their whole extent before us, as we pronounce the names of the discoverer of Virginia and the author of the “Faëry Queen.” Kindred in their genius, kindred in their fates—what did they not accomplish? The hero, from whose energy the spirit of British enterprise received the impulse which has extended its supremacy to the remotest extremities of the globe; the poet, whose genius gave the first inspiration to a literature the noblest in the world. What too, did they not suffer? Raleigh perishing on the scaffold, after years of imprisonment, the victim of calumny and injustice; Spenser terminating a life which experienced every variety of human vicissitudes, by a death of want and sorrow.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

COLLECTANEA.

VIADUCT ACROSS THE DEE.

We feel pleased to have it in our power to notice one of the most daring and stupendous efforts of skill and art to which the railway has given rise. We refer to the great viaduct now in course of completion across the valley of the Dee, in the vale of Llangollen, the dimensions of which surpass anything of the kind in the world. Its vastness of proportions may be better conceived when it is stated that in magnitude it far exceeds what is considered the greatest effort of human skill in connection with railway communication—the Stockport viaduct. The Dee viaduct is upwards of 150 feet above the level of the river—being 30 feet higher than the Stockport viaduct and 34 feet higher than the Menai Bridge. It is supported by 19 arches of 90-feet span, and its length is upwards of 1,530 feet, or nearly one-third of a mile. The outline of the structure is perhaps one of the handsomest that could have been conceived, both as regards its chaste style and attractive finish, and its general appearance is considerably enhanced by the roundness of the arches, which are enriched by massive coins, and the curvilinear batter of the piers. This style of architecture imparts a grace and beauty to the structure without impairing its strength. The greatest attention seems to have been paid to the abutments—the only part of the erection, in reality, where any decorative display could be made. In the middle of both, on each side,

there are beautifully executed niches in the Corinthian order, in addition to some highly finished masonry. With the exception of the intrados of the arches, which are composed of a blue sort of brick, the whole structure is built of beautiful stone, if not as durable, equal in richness and brilliancy to Darlydale. The viaduct has an inclination from end to end of 10 feet, and connects that part of the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway between Rhos-y-Medre and Chirk. It has been erected by Messrs. Makin, Mackenzie & Brassy, contractors, at a cost of upwards of 100,000*l.*, being upwards of 30,000*l.* more than the Stockport viaduct. The cost of the timber required to form scaffolding, &c., for its erection, was 15,000*l.*, and between 300 and 400 masons alone were employed during the whole time of construction.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

OAKS.

The following are said to be the largest British oaks which we have on record:—The Cowthorpe, in Yorkshire, which measures forty-eight feet in circumference at a yard from the ground; the Shrewsbury, forty-four feet at the bottom; the Essex, thirty-six feet at the bottom, and known by the name of “Fairlop;” and the Hatfield, thirty-eight feet in circumference, and one hundred and twenty feet high.—*Builder.*

In a recent lecture at Liverpool, Mr. G. Dawson said, "I believe some of the best prophecies are to be found in the great poets. If I were asked whether I would consent to the destruction of our great historians or our great poets, one being obliged to go, I would choose to retain the latter. The historian is a teacher of *facts*, the poet of *truths*."

CANINE SALMON FISHERS.

A very remarkable custom, said to be one of remote antiquity, exists here. The Eweny joins the Ognore a little below Ognore castle; the river is shallow, contains a number of pools, and at its sea-side diffuses itself over the sand. When the river is low and the tide is on the ebb, the fisherman station themselves with their cur dogs at the mouth, and "club"

the sewin and salmon as they endeavor to escape across the shallows to the sea. The dogs are trained to seize the fugitives, and the struggle of men and animals constitute an animated and entertaining scene; the dogs often leave an ugly mark in the back of the fish. — *Book of South Wales*.

NATURAL CRITICISM.

I always listen with pleasure to the remarks made by country people on the habits of animals. A countryman was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the Pigs. "To be sure," said he, "they be deadly like pigs, but there is one fault—nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together, but what one of them had his foot in the trough." — *Jesse's Gleanings*.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the last number of the *Journal des Savants* M. V. Cousin calls the attention of philosophers to the long-lost MS. by Roger Bacon, which remained buried for several centuries in the Abbey of Corbey—but which is now placed in the Library at Amiens. M. Cousin gives some account of the MS., which he states bears on the first sheet this title:—*Rogerijs Bacon, ordinis minorum, de rebus physicis, monasterii sancti Petri Corbeiensis*. The MS. consists of 193 folio sheets of vellum; the writing is that of the fourteenth century, and abounds with abbreviations. It is principally devoted to an examination of the physical philosophy and metaphysics of Aristotle—and cannot fail to throw considerable light on the genius and philosophy of Roger Bacon. M. Cousin, who has carefully examined the MS., is of opinion that it demands the deepest study; and his object is to draw the attention of philosophers to so precious a document, in the hope that some *savant* will be tempted to make it known to the scientific world.

The committee of the London Literary and Scientific Institution have offered two prizes, of £10 and £5 respectively, to the authors of the best essays "On the Characteristics and Advantages of Literary and Scientific Institutions, their Claims to the Support of Society, and the best Means of extending their Usefulness."—Mr. Grote, Dr. Southwood Smith, and Mr. James W. Gilbert are to act as adjudicators.

The following suggestion has been addressed to the English Journals by Mr. Alfred Novello:—"It has long appeared to me that it would be very convenient to number the hours of the day from 1 to 24, beginning at midnight; as the additional words, "morning," "afternoon," "evening," "A.M.," and "P.M.," at present essential to specify the time, might be dispensed with, and we should then have a distinct name for each hour in a day. This is becoming more necessary to the proper understanding of railway time-bells, especially for the long lines. The proposed numbering would take no extra room in any tables,—as four figures are already required for the hours and their fractions. No difficulty would occur even with the clocks, which could easily have the additional figures placed in an outer or inner circle on the face.—In England, I think this change would find universal adoption if two establishments would agree to adopt it—I mean the Post Office and the railways. The announcement, "The packet sails Sept. 16 at 14 o'clock," would completely explain the time,—instead of saying 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Council of the Art Union of London have offered the sum of £100 for an original bas-relief in plaster, on a base of twenty-four inches by eight inches high, to be afterwards engraved by the anaglyphograph process for general distribution. The models are to be sent in by the 1st of March, 1849.

BENDA'S HYDRAULIC PIPE TUBE.—Until now the luxury of the hookah has been confined to the oriental and the luxurious rich ; but a simple and economical invention by Mr. Benda of Camomile street, has furnished the smoker with a stylish pipe-tube, constructed on the principle of the oriental hookah, the merits of which, as is well known, consist in the destruction of the disagreeable smell of the tobacco oil, and the cooling of the tobacco smoke. All these advantages are combined in the small compass of the tube alluded to. The system of its operation is simple ; the smoke is conducted from the bowl into an inner tube, also of glass, from which it passes into the water contained in the outer cylinder, thence (cleansed and cooled) into the mouth. This is an invention calculated to perform the part of an intercessor between inveterate smokers and those who have an antipathy to the habit. Even ladies may be mollified towards smoking by the presence of an elegant ornament like the glass pipe, and the absence of the strong odors of the narcotic weed.

The *Jersey Times* records the death, at the early age of 36, of Mr. John Le Capelain, the painter of the Album presented last year by the States of the island to the Queen. "Mr. Le Capelain," says a correspondent of the *Jersey Times*, "was a rival of the first artists of England as a painter in water colors. As a scenic artist he leaves a name behind him which will not soon be forgotten in the world of Art, and works which will be everywhere cherished as household treasures by their possessors ; and in him Jersey has lost one of her most highly-endowed sons."

Platina having been discovered in the Alps by M. Gueymard, a retired mining engineer, the Conseil-Général des Mines has authorized searches to be made in that part of the Alps which is on the frontier of the department of the Isère. M. Gueymard supposes from the nature of the soil, that deposits of platina will be found in several localities.—*Galignani*.

The *Brussels Herald* mentions that a prize of 1,000 francs is about to be offered by the leaders of the Peace Congress, recently assembled in that capital, for the best essay on the several subjects debated during its sitting. The Peace missionaries, meantime, are proceeding with their work, undeterred by the talking birds and singing trees that beset their path to turn them back by ridicule or by disdain. They remember perhaps that the same sort of arguments have been employed—and in the same quarters—against other movements which originated what are accepted truths of to day ; by none asserted so loudly and ostentatiously as by the said talking birds, who finally followed and affected to lead those whom they failed to turn back.—A meeting of the friends of peace is advertised to be held at Exeter Hall on Tuesday next, at which the President and Vice President of the Brussels Congress will be present. The object of the present assembling in London is, to present to the British Ministry the address to the Governments of Europe and America voted in the Belgian capital. It will be followed up, it is understood, by like meetings in some of the large provincial towns,—and Paris and Frankfort are afterwards to be similarly canvassed in the interests of the cause.

CARICATURES IN ROME.—The question of caricatures is foremost just now among the debatable topics of Roman jurisprudence. Rossi, whose countenance somewhat resembles that of La Mancha's melancholy caballero, had taken time by the fore-lock and begun his reign by an interdiction of the prevalent freedom of the fine arts in political phyzzigraphy. He found out that, in granting liberty of the press no mention was made by the Legislature of unlicensed lithographs, and he has, therefore, put forth his ban on this sort of fun. Alas ! he has only drawn on his devoted head a swarm of hornets, and *Don Pirlone* (our *Punch*) comes out to day with the premier in his most unattractive aspect. The press in general takes up the cudgels for their brethren the wood cutters.—*Roman Correspondent of the Daily News*.

SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE : with an Outline of some of its recent Developments among the Germans, embracing the Philosophical Systems of Schelling, and Hegel, and Oken's System of Nature. By J. B. Stallo, A.M., lately Professor of Analytical Mathematics, &c. in St. John's College, N. Y. Boston ; Crosby and Nichols.

The Philosophy of Nature (a very different thing from what is known in this country under the name of Natural Philosophy) has, in modern times, found but few students except in Germany. Many reasons might be assigned for this fact ; but the most obvious is, that the master minds of other highly civilized countries have for a long time been forced to

give themselves up to a consideration of more practical and stirring subjects. In France, in England, and in America, the intellect of the age has principally been engrossed in the solution of questions having reference to the interests of the passing moment, tariffs, banks, reform-bills, or navigation-laws; and even if it has been permitted by the pressure of the times, to ascend to higher subjects, isolated points of doctrine, stated in arguments which appeal to the popular understanding, have been its sole alternative. But in Germany the case has been very different. Arbitrary governments have rendered all political discussion of practical questions useless, as well as impossible; and, as freedom of worship has been totally unknown, religious controversy, in so far as it may concern topics of practical interest, has been equally impracticable. The German, naturally of a contemplative disposition, has therefore spent the last century in theorizing where he has not been able to act; in examining the very foundations of that political and religious structure, respecting the mere ornaments and minute details of which he has been forbidden to express an opinion. The result has been, that speculative philosophy has been the favorite study of almost all those who have received a liberal education. As with us, and in England, every man is more or less a politician, so in Germany, every one is a philosopher. The events now passing in that country, prove how great a mistake has been committed by the absolute powers, in thus forcing the attention of their subjects to first principles. Far better would it have been for them to have allowed external forms to have been the subjects of discussion; the nation would not then have arrived at the conclusion, which now, it is painfully visible, is widely prevalent, that the whole existing system of government and religion is contrary to nature and to sound reason.

But we are wandering from our subject. We purposed merely to account for the fact that, in turning their attention to the philosophy of nature as a science, the students of all countries must for the present, and probably for a long time to come, resort to Germany for instruction. And, this being the case, the volume before us will certainly be a very useful manual for the beginner in this branch of science. The author has endeavored to bring before his readers the results of the most distinguished philosophical systems of Germany, in clear and intelligible language. He has, on the whole, done so with considerable success; only those who have attempted to render German philosophical writings into intelligible

English, can form an idea of the extreme difficulty which their terminology presents to the unfortunate translator.

We will not attempt to enter into a more minute examination of the contents of the work, as our limits would by no means allow us to do justice to it. If we were permitted to indulge in criticism, we should be disposed to maintain that the author is somewhat unduly prepossessed in favor of Hegel, whose philosophy he asserts to be "neither Pantheism, nor Spinozism." It is difficult to state with any degree of precision the religious teaching of Hegel, for, while on the one hand he shows us God as being only the indwelling or "immanent" principle of thought and action in man, and the reason of man, therefore, as Deity in the highest grade of development, he represents him on the other hand, as a "transcendent," self-existent Being. And so difficult is it to reconcile these two ideas, that it has very generally been believed that the philosophy of Hegel contains two sides; one exoteric, which is intended for the public at large, and avows a belief in the Christian creed, and the other for the initiated, esoteric, which has arrived at the most perfect scepticism. (See Biedermann, *Deutsche Philosophie*, vol. II. p. 462.) Hegel himself certainly avoids the gross Pantheism of Schelling's early teaching; (we say *early*, because Schelling in his later years has struck into an entirely new course) he returns rather to the system propounded long since by Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Zeno, and teaches akosmism, the non-existence of the world. The only thing that is, is that which is thought (*begriff*;) but this principle he shrank, as we have seen, from applying in its full force to religious doctrines. That has been done by his followers, who have applied his method to the foundations of Christianity, with such fearless consistency, that negative criticism seems in them to have reached its culminating point. Hegel's system must, like every other system, be judged in connection with its natural results; and those results are to be found in the works of the *Jung-Hegelianer*, among whom, Strauss, Bruno, Bauer, and Feuerbach, stand foremost. The latter crowns the achievements of this school, when he asserts that "Religion is a dream, since it is our own conceptions that appear as existences external to us." (*Die Religion ist ein Traum, indem unsere eigene Vorstellungen als Wesen ausser uns erscheinen.*)

We know not any work which gives so clear and distinct an outline of the principal systems of philosophy which have been taught in Germany from the time of Kant to that of Hegel.

MARTYRIA: A Legend, wherein are contained Homilies, Conversations, and Incidents of the Reign of Edward the Sixth. By William Mountford, Clerk. Boston: Crosby and Nichols.

Since we reviewed *Euthanasy* in a recent number of the *Daguerreotype*, we have enjoyed the advantage of becoming acquainted with *Martyria*, a former publication by the same author. It does not contain so many passages of striking beauty as *Euthanasy*; the subject, perhaps, does not afford so much scope for it. But the style is equally remarkable for purity and elegance; there is the same vigor of thought, and vividness of imagination, and there is even more of practical application, and instruction in the graces of a Christian character. To very many readers, it will also possess a greater degree of interest, as being "A Legend," conveying much curious and valuable, as well as deeply interesting information, respecting the early years of Protestantism, and many touching incidents from the lives and deaths of those holy men, who watered the Church with their blood.

It will be observed by our readers that we speak of this, as of all other works, only with reference to its literary merits. Respecting the religious tenets of the author, and of the American Editor, it does not become us, as conductors of a Magazine of General Literature, to express an opinion.

CHRISTIANITY: The Deliverance of the Soul, and its Life. By William Mountford, A.M. Boston: Crosby and Nichols.

Another little volume by Mr. Mountford. The reason assigned in the concluding paragraph of the last notice, must prevent us from doing more than calling the attention of our

readers to this publication. Mr. Mountford cannot write anything from which even those who differ from him in opinion, may not derive pleasure and advantage; and, as he never speaks slightly or disrespectfully of any religious belief, there is no danger that the most fastidious reader will meet with anything to shock his feelings. We hope that we are not departing from our rule when we quote a single sentence, which strikes us as being expressed with peculiar force and elegance: "In the eighteenth century, in France, Diderot was not more disqualified for judging of purity and disinterestedness, than a son of this century is for estimating the *a priori* probability and propriety of a miracle."

THE MARRIAGE OFFERING: A Compilation of Prose and Poetry. Boston: Crosby and Nichols.

A pretty little volume, containing selections in prose and poetry from the works of authors in all ages and all countries, who have written,—and what author has not?—of love and marriage. Passages from the Bible, hymns by Heber and Keble, and scraps from many of the old worthies of the English Church, as well as from modern theological writers, give, on the whole, a serious and solemn tone to the work; but there are also selections of a lighter character; and we are pleased to find among those to whose writings recourse has been had, the names of Shakspeare, Thomson, Montgomery, Southey, Tennyson, Burns, Moore, and Washington Irving.

Those who may have to perform the usually puzzling task of selecting a slight token of regard for some fair and happy bride, will find this to be a very appropriate and tasteful present.

CONTENTS.

The Convent Witch,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	145
The Polish Question,	<i>Freikugeln</i> ,	157
Lord Brougham on the French Revolution,	<i>Illustrated London News</i> ,	159
Universal Peace,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	162
Raglan Castle: Its Fortunes and its Fall,	<i>Tait's Edinburgh Magazine</i> ,	164
Gutzkow's Wullenweber,	<i>For the Daguerreotype</i> ,	170
Col. Doniphan's Campaign in New Mexico,	<i>Athenæum</i> ,	171
Europe again in Danger,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	173
The Progress of a Bill, Chaps. VI., VII., VIII.,	<i>Illustrated London News</i> ,	174
Mother and Son,	<i>Dublin University Magazine</i> ,	179
The Reign of Elizabeth in Ireland,	<i>Dublin University Magazine</i> ,	180
COLLECTANEA.—Viaduct across the Dee,	188
Oaks,	188
Canine Salmon Fishers,	189
Natural Criticism,	189
Literary and Scientific Intelligence,	189
Short Reviews and Notices,	190